Methodist Magazine and Review.

MARCH, 1896.

RECENT GLIMPSES OF SPAIN.

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

SPANISH DILIGENCE.

"Barcelona, shrine of courtesy, harbour of the wayfarer, shelter of the poor, cradle of the brave, champion of the outraged, nurse of friendship, unique in position, unique in beauty!"

Such was the eulogium bestowed upon Barcelona by the great Cervantes, several hundred years ago, an eulogium warranted by a stranger's experience in our own day. The matchless site of the second city of Spain, and its luxuriant surroundings, awaken enthusiasm as of old, whilst even the briefest possible sojourn suffices to make us feel at home.

Few European capitals can boast of finer public monuments, few indeed possess such a promenade as its famous Rambla. The Rambla may be regarded as an epitome, not only of the entire city, but of all Spain. A dozen brilliant or moving spectacles meet the eye in a day, whilst the normal aspect is one of unimaginable picturesqueness and variety. The dark-eyed flower-girls with their rich floral displays; the country folks still adhering to the costume of Catalonia—the men sandalled and white-hosed; for headgear, slouch caps or crimson, scarlet, or peach-coloured felt, the women with gorgeous silk kerchiefs pinned under the chin—the Asturian nursemaids in poppy-red skirts barred with black, and dainty gold and lace caps; the ladies fanning themselves as they go, in November, with black lace mantillas over their

pretty heads ; the Guardia Civile in big, awe-inspiring cocked hats and long black cloaks reaching to the ankle, the trim soldiery in black and red tunics, knickerbockers and buskins, their officers ablaze with gold braid and lace ; the spick-and-span city police, each neat as a dandy in a melodrama, not a hair out of place, collars and cuffs of spotless white, ironed to perfection, well-fitting costumes, swords at their sides ; the priests and nuns ; the seafaring folk of many nationalities ; the shepherds of uncouth appearance from the neighbouring mountains —all these at first make us feel as if we were taking part in a masquerade.

It is especially on All Saints' days that the flower-market of the Rambla is seen to advantage ; enormous sums are spent upon wreaths and garlands for the cemetery, the poorest then contriving to pay his floral tribute to departed kith and kin.

In striking contrast with the wide, airy, ever brilliantly illuminated Rambla, electric light doing duty for sunshine at night, are the streets of the old town. The stranger may take any turning—either to right or left—he is sure to find himself in one of these dusky, narrow thoroughfares, so small ofttimes the space between window and opposite window that neighbours might often shake hands. With their open shops of gay woollen stuffs, they vividly recall Cairene bazaars. Narrow as is the accommodation without, it must be narrower still within, since when folks move from one house to another their goods and chattels are hoisted up and passed through the front windows. The sight of a chest of drawers or a sofa in cloudland is comical enough, although the system certainly has its advantages. Much manual labour is thereby spared, and the furniture doubtless escapes injury from knocking about.

All churches in Spain, by the way, must be visited in the forenoon; even then the light is so dim that little can be seen of their treasures—pictures, reliquaries, marble tombs. The Cathedral of Barcelona forms no exception to the rule. Only lighted by windows of richly stained old glass, we are literally compelled to grope our way along the crowded aisles.

Mass is going on from early morn till noon, and in the glimmering jewelled light, we can just discern the moving figures of priests and acolytes before the high altar, and the scattered worshippers kneeling on the floor. Equally vague are the glimpses we obtain of the chapels, veritable little museums of rare and beautiful things, unfortunately consigned to perpetual obscurity, veiled in never-fading twilight. What a change we find outside ! The elegant Gothic cloisters, rather to be described as a series of chapels, each differing from the others, each sumptuously adorned, enclose a sunny open space or patio, planted with palms, orange and lemon trees, the dazzling bright foliage and warm blue sky in striking contrast to the sombre grey of the building-stone. A little farther off, on the other side, we may see the figures of the bell-ringers high up in the open belfry tower, swinging the huge bells backwards and forwards with tremendous efforts, a sight never to be missed on Sundays and fete days.

The Cathedral of Burgos, shown in our frontispiece, is the most magnificent specimen of Gothic architecture in the Spanish Peninsula, and is now one of the most renowned in Europe for its architecture and works of art. Its tower and spires are of exquisite delicacy of execution. The solid stone seems woven lace-work pat-

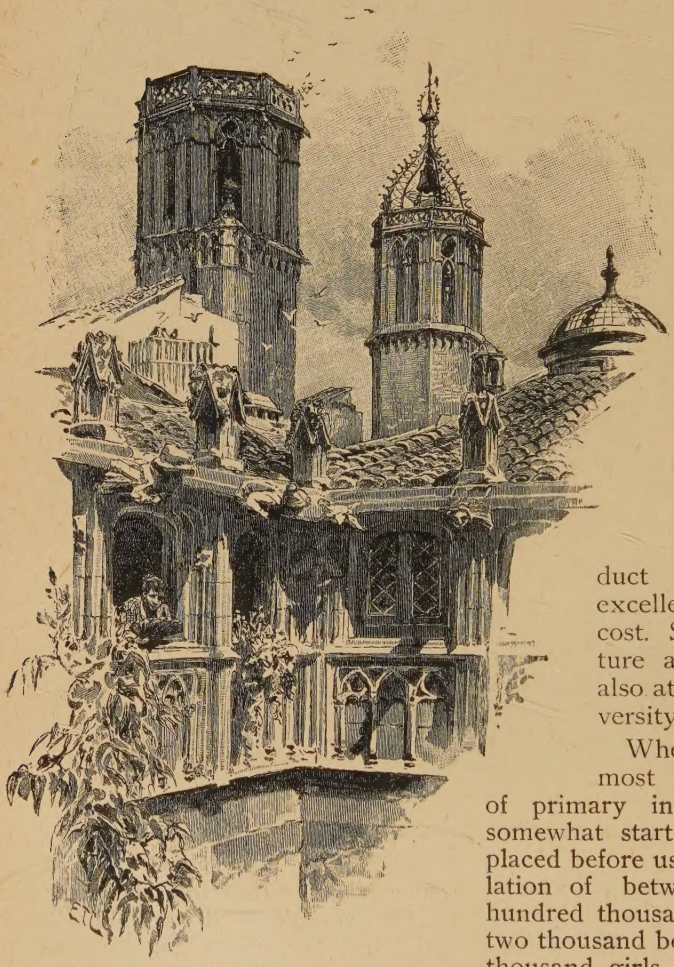
SPANISH FLOWER GIRLS, BARCELONA.

terns. It has fourteen chapels decorated with priceless sepulchral monuments and many fine paintings.

The Spanish diligence is a strange lumbering vehicle, which looks a good deal like two stage coaches placed one upon another. It is drawn by six richly caparisoned mules which are driven with much cracking of whips and objurgations of the guard. As it rattles through the sleepy Iberian towns it makes the sole sensation of the day. The dogs wake up and bark, the idlers lounge and stare, the beggars swarm around the diligence asking alms. After delivering the mail and baiting the mules, with much more whip-cracking and swearing, the unwieldy caravan rolls on and somnolence rests again upon the idle town.

The movement in favour of the higher education of women

marches at a snail's pace in Spain. The vast number of convents, and what are called "Escuelas Pias," or religious schools, attest the fact that even in the most cosmopolitan and enlightened Spanish towns the education of girls still remains chiefly in the hands of the nuns. Lay schools and colleges exist, also a normal school for the training of female teachers, founded a few years ago. Here and there we find rich families entrusting their girls to English governesses, but such cases are rare. Out of a population of between four and five hundred thousand souls, only two hundred Protestants answer to the roll-call. The chief occupation of an educated Spanish lady seems to be that of counting her beads and repeating her prayers in church.



TOWERS OF THE CATHEDRAL, BARCELONA.

The university, attended by two thousand five hundred students, was founded so long ago as 1430, and rebuilt in 1873. A technical school—the only complete school of arts and sciences existing in Spain—was opened under the same roof in 1850; and, in connection with it, night classes are held. Any workman provided with a certificate of good conduct can attend these excellent classes free of cost. Schools of architecture and navigation are also attached to the university.

When we come to the most important subject of primary instruction, we are somewhat startled by the figures placed before us. Out of a population of between four and five hundred thousand souls, not quite two thousand boys, not quite three thousand girls, and only fifteen hundred young children attend the municipal schools.

Bull-fights, alas! still disgrace the most advanced city of the Peninsula. The bull-ring was founded in 1834, and the brutal spectacle still attracts enormous crowds, chiefly consisting of natives. The bull-fight is almost

unanimously repudiated by foreign residents of all ranks.

The Protestant body seems active. We find here a branch depot of the Religious Tract Society. Various religious magazines, many of them translations from the English and German, are published. Among these are the "Revista Christiana," intended for the more thoughtful class of readers; "La Luz," organ of the Reformed Church of Spain; and several illustrated periodicals for children.

Will Protestantism ever take deep root in the home of the Inquisition? Time will show. One sign of the times is the recent secession of a Spanish priest to the Protestant ministry.

Many young Spaniards are now educated in England. English is spoken freely at Malaga, and our literature is no longer unknown to Spanish readers. These facts indicate coming change. The exclusiveness which has hitherto barred the progress of this richly-dowered and attractive country is on the wane. Who shall say? We may ere long see dark-eyed students from Barcelona at Girton College, and a Spanish Society for the protection of animals, prohibiting the torture of bulls and horses for the public pleasure.

Already—all honour to her name—a Spanish woman novelist, the gifted Caballero, has made pathetic appeals to her country-folks for a gentler treatment of animals in general. For the most part, it must be sadly confessed, in vain!

The number of police surprise us. Those bustling, brilliant streets, with their cosmopolitan crowds, seem the quietest, most orderly in the world. It seems hard to believe that this tranquillity and contentment should be fallacious—on the surface only. Yet such is the case.

"I have seen revolution after revolution," said to me a Spanish gentleman of high position, an hidalgo of the old school; "I expect to see more if my life is sufficiently prolonged. Spain has no government; each in power seeks but self-aggrandisement. Our army is full of Boulangers, each ready to usurp power for his own ends. You suggest a change of dynasty? We could not hope to be thereby the gainers. A republic, say you? That also has proved a failure to us? Ah, you English are happy; you do not need to change abruptly the existing order of things, you effect revolutions more calmly."

I observed that perhaps national character and temperament had something to do with the matter. He replied very sadly, "You are right; we southerners are more impetuous, of fiercer temper. Whichever way I look, I see no hope for unhappy Spain."

AT THE DOOR.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

I thought myself indeed secure,
So fast the door, so firm the lock;
But, lo! he toddling comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.

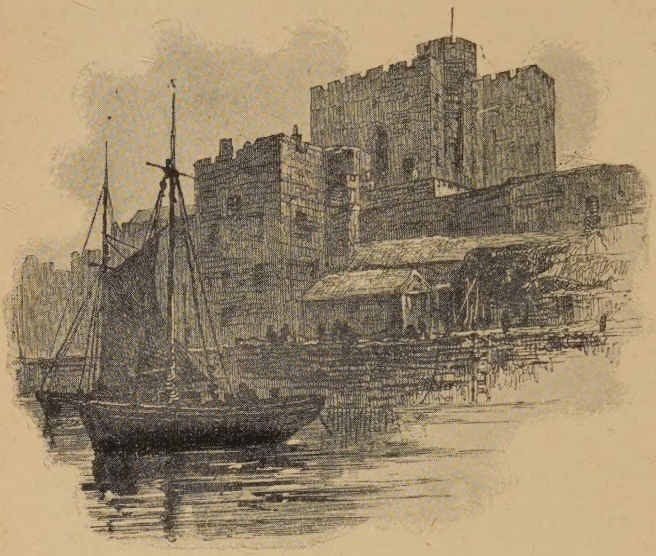
My heart were stone could it withstand
The sweetness of my baby's plea—
That timorous, baby knocking and
"Please let me in—it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And, opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in eternity
I, like a truant child, shall wait
The glories of a life to be,
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?

And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead,
"'Tis I, O Father! only I"?

HERE AND THERE IN THE HOME LAND.*



RUSHEN CASTLE, ISLE OF MAN.

The many sons and daughters of the dear old homeland, how far soever they have wandered, whether to Canadian backwoods, or Australian sheep walks, or New Zealand cattle pastures, or South African gold reefs—turn ever fondly to the grand old mother of nations from which they have sprung.

Nor is less loyal and loving regard cherished by the truest sons of England's eldest daughter, the United States of America. None have ever claimed more passionately than they their inheritance in the deathless memories, the heroic traditions, the priceless literature of the home land. Washington Irving first revealed to the English themselves the charms of Bracebridge Hall, and the deep and tender interest felt by their kin beyond the sea in Merrie England, and its Christmas cheer; in Westminster Abbey, that great temple of silence and reconciliation; in the old parish church and churchyard, where sleep till the resurrection the progenitors of the best blood and best brain of the new world. Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, and many another have proved in prose and verse how deeply the roots of the new are rooted in the heart of the old.

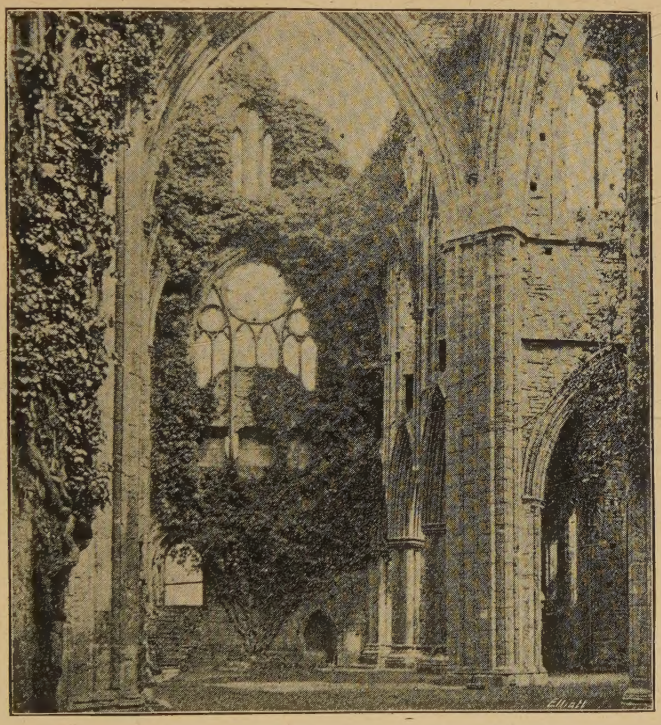
England's battles for faith and freedom, her long struggle towards constitutional liberty, the charter wrested by the Barons at Runnymede, the victory over the Stuarts at Marston Moor, the blood shed on the scaffold for liberty by Cobham, Vane, Russell, and Argyle; the noble army of martyrs who glorified God amid the fires of Smithfield, or for Christ's Crown and Covenant dyed the Scottish heather a deeper crimson with their gore; the victories by sea and land of Drake and Howard, of Blake and Nelson, of Wolfe and Wellington, are theirs as well as ours. The spell of Chaucer and Shakespeare, of Bunyan and Milton, and many another bard or sage, is upon them as well as upon us. The ties of religion, of kinship, of blood, will

* "Here and There in the Home Land."—England, Scotland and Ireland, as seen by a Canadian. By CANNIFF HAIGHT. Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. 8vo. Pp. 616. Illustrated with 261 engravings. Price, $3.00.

not be ignored. They cannot, if they would, cut themselves off from England's storied past, and few of them would if they could.

But it is with feelings of special interest that the sons of this northern land, which has never been estranged from the mother country, visit the soil made sacred with so many memories. The land of the rose, thistle, or shamrock is, in a special sense, the Home land, and, next to our beloved Canada, the dearest land on earth.

Mr. Canniff Haight's fascinating volume is the outcome of such feelings, and of a pilgrimage to the shrines most sacred, in their religious, historic, or romantic interest, to the scenes over which is shed the spell of beauty, of romance, or poetry. No book hitherto published in Canada contains so many and such beautiful illustrations of these storied scenes, over 260 of them specially made for the volume under review. The accompanying text, by its graphic description and apposite reflections, or literary or historic allusion, enhances the value of the volume. Through the courtesy of the author, we are permitted to illustrate this paper with a few of the many photo-engravings of his handsome book, which deserves an honoured place in our Canadian homes. It will create a more intelligent acquaintance, a closer sympathy with those cradle-lands of empire, and will furnish, in a very delightful manner, for the younger reader, an education in the story of the past and achievements of the present.



TINTERN ABBEY—NORTH TRANSEPT.

Every year many thousands of

tourists behold in the distance the bold outline of the Isle of Man, rising 2,000 feet above the sea, but few comparatively make its closer acquaintance. It is well worth a visit for its own sake, and the genius of Hall Caine, in a way, has made it classic ground. "Its laws, its customs, its systems of government," says Mr. Haight, "are in the main quite different from those of the neighbouring islands of Great Britain. Since its purchase by the Crown of England in 1825, it has enjoyed what the Irish people are clamouring for—'Home Rule.' In this respect it is not unlike Canada, possessing its own government, known as the House of Keys. Take it all in all—its history, its antiquities, its scenery and its climate—there are few places in the British Isles which better repay a visit of some duration than the Isle of Man."

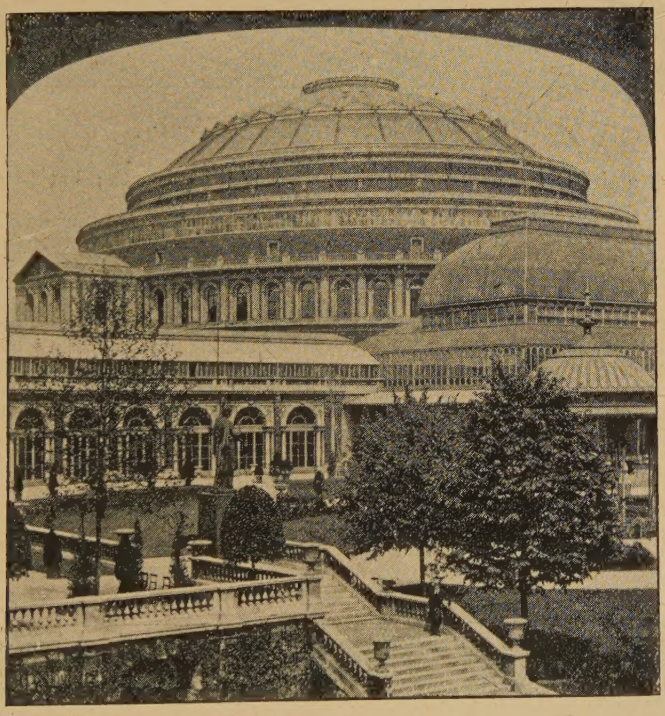
Mr. Haight gives a graphic description, with copious illustration, of the great commercial port of Liverpool, next to London the greatest in the world ; of the busy manufacturing regions of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Staffordshire, and the wonderful Black Country, which at night, with its blazing furnaces and gnome-like figures calls up suggestions of Dante's Inferno.

More charming to our mind, however, are the excursions through the Vale of Cheddar, the visit to the ancient city of Bristol, with its memories dating back to the days of Cabot and Hawkins, of Chatterton—"the marvellous boy,"—of the early achievements of Methodism, and that wonderful monument of Christian philanthropy—Muller's orphans' houses, erected and maintained at a cost of $3,000,000, all sent without appeal, save to the Father of the

WESTMINSTER HALL.

fatherless, furnishing home and love and care for more than 2,000 orphan children.

Rural England possesses a perennial charm in its embowered parks, where stand its stately palaces or castles, its humble homes, nestling beneath their straw-thatched roofs. "God's finger touched but gently when He made our England," says Mrs. Browning, "so soft are all its contours, the curve of its valleys and the swell of its hills."



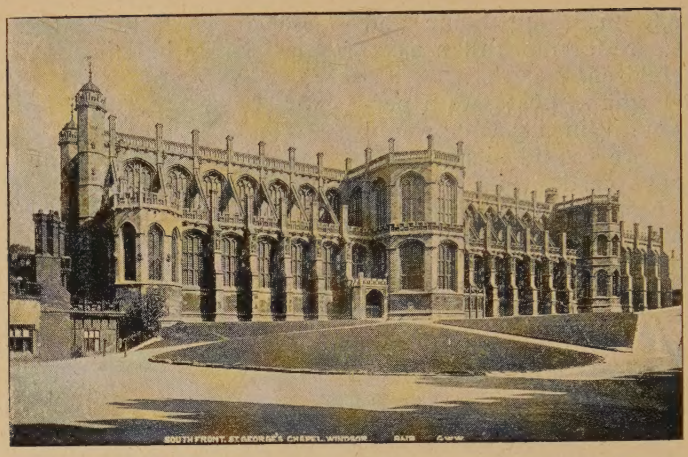
ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

The old monks had remarkably good taste in building their abbeys and churches in the most fertile vales, where the refectory was enriched with fish from stream or mere, with fowl from sedge or brake, and venison from the forest glades. One of the most charming of these is Tintern Abbey, over whose manifold beauties and associations Mr. Haight cannot refrain from bursting into verse.

"Through cloister and aisle bat and owl wing their flight
As the shadows of even betoken the night,
Like the wraiths of sad spirits condemned thus to roam
'Midst the desolate wreck of a once happy home,
Reflecting on moments misspent.

"So, the highest must fade, and the strongest decay,
For change and decadence o'er man hold their sway;
Not here are true pleasures, pure wealth, or *a home*,
To dust and to ruin *these* even must come,
Thus mused I as onward I went."

Our author thinks Tintern one of the finest ruins in Great Britain. "On entering the building," he says, "the spectacle is one of inexpressible sublimity. The matted masses of ivy which cover the



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, SOUTH FRONT.

walls with a thick mantle of green, as if to shut out from the visitor the ravages which time has made upon them, are one of the greatest charms of the ruin."

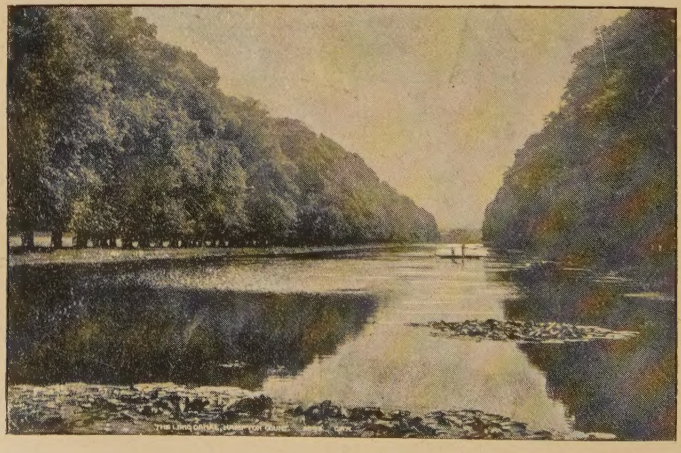
The genius of Wordsworth, that high priest of nature, has thrown over this lovely vale

> "The light that never was on sea or shore,
> The consecration and the poet's dream,"

by his immortal "Lines written at Tintern Abbey,"

> "For I have learned
> To look on nature, not as in the hour
> Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
> The still, sad music of humanity,
> Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
> To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

The most potent spell in Great Britain is, however, London, the heart of the great world-empire which draws from the ends of the earth the trade and commerce of



LONG CANAL, HAMPTON COURT.

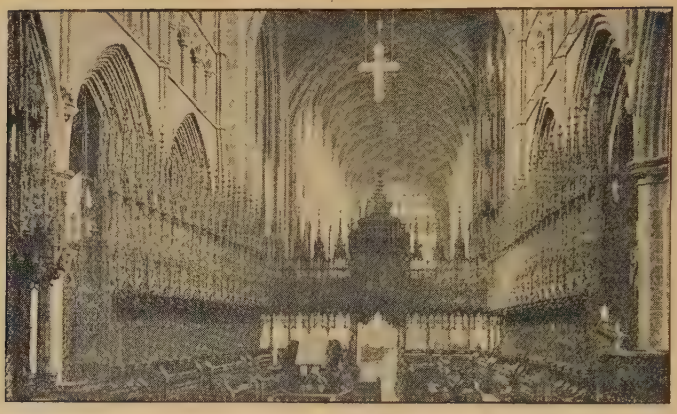
INTERIOR, ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

its forty colonies. Neither Babylon nor Nineveh, Rome nor Carthage, ever gathered such a multitude of people within their walls as nightly sleep within the sound of "Big Ben" of Westminster. Mr. Haight knows his London well, and follows with enthusiasm the footprints of Defoe and Johnson, Goldsmith, Dickens, and Thackeray.

He moralizes in London's "Tragic Tower," and beneath Westminster Abbey's vaulted roof, saunters amid its parks, recalls the Methodist memories of Fetter Lane and City Road, explores the regions of Bethnal Green and Belgravia—what startling contrasts they present within an hour's ride!

Over one spot we must linger for a moment. "Westminster Hall," says Mr. Haight, "once a part of the ancient royal palace of Westminster, is the largest room but one in Europe, and has witnessed many stirring events. In it Cromwell was inaugurated Lord Protector, and after a few years had passed away, his head, along with those of Ireton and Bradshaw, was placed upon the south gable, and thus Cromwell's remained for twenty years. Sir William Wallace was tried in the old hall, and in the present one Sir Thomas More, the Protector Somerset, Devereux, Earl of Essex, Guy Fawkes and his fellow conspirators, the infamous Earl and Countess Somerset, and the Earl of Strafford were tried and condemned. Here, too, Charles I. faced his judges, and later the Seven Bishops, Sacheverell, the Earl of Derwentwater, and the rebel lords of Scotland—Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat. Later still, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan made the old rafters ring with their eloquence, when the deeds of Warren Hastings in India were laid before the world. The last trial was the impeachment

WATER GATE, KING CHARLES' TOWER.



INTERIOR, CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

of Lord Melville by the Commons in 1806."

In visiting some friends in Chicago recently, who boasted of their splendid auditorium, with its capacity for 4,000 persons, as the most magnificent in the world, we quite paralyzed them by citing the most magnificent monument in the world, to one of its best men, the memorial of Albert the Good. The allegorical figures of the four continents seem to indicate Britain's world-wide sway. What are more significant still are the noble groups in life-sized marble, of the

VIEW OF LOCH KATRINE.

Albert Memorial Hall in London, with its circling seats for thrice that number. This great domed structure is well shown in one of our cuts, but the beautiful colours of its terra cotta frieze are only faintly indicated. Right opposite, in Hyde Park, is, we think, the great philosophers and sages, the great poets and seers, the great artists and authors, of all lands and all times. It is, we take it, a prophecy of the mild reign of peace, of the higher Christian civilization of the near future, that, not to a conquering warrior, but

to a friend and lover of peace, was this monument erected.

The stately home of royalty at Windsor is the subject of a chapter full of charm, with striking illustrations of the castellated beauty of this royal palace, recalling, in its outline, Tennyson's "many-towered Camelot." From the great round tower, grey with the eld of 800 years, is obtained one of the grandest views in England, a view embracing eleven counties; with, near at hand, Eton College, and the churchyard of Stoke Pogis, rendered memorable forever by Grey's Elegy; in the distance, the field of Runnymede, and running through the lush-green meadows, the silver-winding Thames.

St. George's Chapel, shown in our cut, dates from 1474, and is a splendid example of perpendicular architecture. In the chancel are the stalls of the Knights of the Garter, emblazoned with their arms, and overhung with their tattered banners.

> "The knights are dust,
> Their swords are rust,
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

Adjoining the chapel is the Royal Mausoleum, in which, surrounded by the splendours of their palace home, repose the remains of Henry VI., Edward I., Henry VIII., Charles I., George III., George IV., William IV., and other royal personages—a perpetual reminder that "sic transit gloria mundi." The deathless love of the sorrowing Queen has made this chapel an exquisite memorial of the virtues and piety of the late Prince Consort.

CORNER OF THE WEST BOW.

Mr. Haight devotes a chapter

to Hampton Court, which seems the crystallized history of England for well-nigh four centuries. The memories of Wolsey's greatness and his fall; of the royal Blue Beard, Henry VIII.; of good Queen Bess, of Cromwell, of the Stuarts, of William and Mary, and of the degenerate Georges, reverberate as one walks these long-drawn corridors and sounding

HOLYROOD PALACE.

halls. But a faded splendour haunts those banquet halls. The portraits of the fair, frail beauties of the Stuart court, by Sir Godfrey Kneller and Sir Peter Lely, all dead and turned to dust two hundred years ago, suggest sad moralizings of the mind.

Glimpses through the windows of the noble park, where massive chestnuts stretch in endless avenues beneath the sunny sky, recall pleasanter thoughts. Through the distant forest glades sweep the antlered deer, or pause in their browsing to stand and gaze as undismayed as their ancestors in the days of merrie Robin Hood and Little John. Here the grim Puritan, Oliver Cromwell, when he could lay aside for a time the cares of state, used to doff his steel hauberk and buff jerkin, and don a coat of kendal green, for a swift gallop through the park after the flying deer or hares.

We follow our guide, philosopher and friend in his leisurely tour through Warwick, Kenilworth, and Stratford-on-Avon. The pen pictures and sun paintings of Warwick's ivied walls and of the crumbling towers of Kenilworth, which recall the tear-compelling story of Amy Robsart, of

Coventry, with its legends of "Peeping Tom," and the "Fair Lady Godiva," are of fascinating interest. Countless tourists from all lands make the pilgrimage to the spot—

> "Where his first infant lays sweet Shakespeare sung,
> Where his last accents faltered on his tongue."

Mr. Haight conversed with the last lineal descendant of the Hathaway family in the straw-thatched, timbered cottage, with its quaint ingle-nook, as shown in our cut. Here the boy lover of nineteen summers, with all the ardour of a Romeo, wooed and won his mature bride of six-and-twenty.

One of our cuts shows the interior of one of the most beautiful parish churches in England,—the Beauchamp Chapel, St. Mary's, Warwick. The Earl's effigy, in full armour, rests on an altar-tomb beneath a hearse of gilded brass—one of the finest monuments of the period to be found in England.

Quaint old Chester is one of the most interesting towns in the kingdom, with its ancient walls, gray with the memories of 2,000 years. From one of its towers King Charles I. watched the defeat of his army on Bolton Moor. Cromwell's cannon have left his bold sign manual upon the walls. The new bridge across the Dee has a span of two hundred feet, the widest stone arch in the world. The most curious feature of the city is its rows, or double terraces of shops, the upper one fronting on a broad arcade. The old timbered houses have quaintly-carved fronts, galleries and gables, like those in Frankfort, often with some Biblical or allegorical design.

QUEEN MARY'S BEDROOM, HOLYROOD PALACE.

Of special interest is one which bears the legend,

God's Providence is mine Inheritance. MDCLII.,

said to be the only house which escaped the plague in that year.

Some of the most charming chapters in Mr. Haight's book describe his visit to

> "Caledonia, stern and wild,
> Meet nurse for poetic child,
> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood."

Guild Hall of London, will be found such a magnificent staircase as the marble, alabaster and onyx structure of this people's palace of Glasgow.

Old St. Mungo's is rather a grim, dour building, dating from 1136. It looks cold and bare without the statues of the saints and other "whigmaleeries and curliewurlies," which were destroyed in the Reformation time. The auld kirk stands "as crouse as a cat with the flees kaimed aff."

ABBOTSFORD, FROM THE GARDEN.

Glasgow exhibits a strange combination of busy, modern thrift and manufacturing industry, and of ancient and romantic associations. The municipal buildings are among the most sumptuous in Europe. Not in the Palace of the Doges, at Venice, the Rath House of Vienna, the Hotel de Ville of Paris, or the

The charming scenery of the Trossachs, with the lovely Lochs Lomond and Katrine, with Fair Ellen's Isle and the Silver Strand, with their memories of Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu; and the lofty summits of Ben Venue, Ben A'an, Ben Ledi and Ben Vorlich, lost in the mists, are portrayed with numerous sun pictures and illus-

trated with copious quotations from the poets.

No city in Europe combines such a majestic position, such quaint architecture, such stirring historical associations, and such tragic and romantic memories as Auld Reekie, the Athens of the North. The quaint gabled houses, with overhanging stories, are as odd in their way as anything in the Juden Gasse, of Frankfurt, or the Ghetto, of Rome. No presence is more dominant than that of the "fair mischief," Mary, Queen of Scots—and of romantic hearts the world over. It is like a chapter from the "Heart of Midlothian," to walk up the Canongate, the High Street, the Lawn Market, between the lofty and grim-featured houses.

ENTRANCE HALL, ABBOTSFORD.

At the end of the long and narrow High Street—the most picturesque in Europe—is the Royal Palace of Holyrood, with its memories of guilt and gloom. Here is the chamber in which Knox wrung the Queen's proud heart by his upbraidings; the supper room—very small—in which Mary was dining with Rizzio and her Maids of Honour, when Darnley and his fellow-assassins climbed the winding stair, and murdered the unhappy wretch clinging to his royal mistress's skirts, and then dragged his body into the Queen's bedchamber, where the blood stains are still shown upon the floor. The Queen's bed, with its faded tapestries, her private altar, the stone on which she knelt, her meagre mirror, her tiny dressing room, and the embroidered picture of Jacob's Dream,

wrought with her own fair fingers, make very vivid and real the sad story of the unhappy sovereign, who realized to the full the words, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

A charming chapter is devoted to a visit to Melrose and Abbotsford. The old Abbey, dating from 1136, is one of the finest relics of Gothic architecture extant. The

THE STUDY, ABBOTSFORD.

image-breaking zeal of the Reformers, and the cannon of Cromwell have left only a picturesque ruin. It was quite pathetic to see the roofless aisles, the broken windows, the crumbling columns, and the grass-grown chancel where once the cowled brotherhood chanted their matins and evensong. The battered saints looked down reproachfully from their ivied niches, and the effigies of the knights seemed to keep watch over the tombs, where, through the long ages, their bodies "await the resurrection." I noticed the touching inscription, "Cvm Venit Jesvs Cessabit Vmbra"—"When Jesus comes the darkness shall fly away." Here is the tomb of the arch-wizard Michael Scott, whose awful apparition is recorded in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and here was buried at last the fiery heart of Bruce. I sat in Sir Walter's favourite seat and gazed where "the darkened roof rose high aloof," and on the lovely eastern oriel with its slender shafts of foliaged tracery, of which he sings,

> "Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
> 'Twixt poplars straight, the osier wand
> In many a freakish knot had twined;

Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

It is half an hour's ride along the green Tweed side to Abbotsford, where still wields his spell a mightier wizard than even Michael Scott. It is a large and rambling house with fantastic, yet picturesque groups of chimneys, gables and turrets. Over the door is the pious legend,

By night, by day Remember aye, ye goodness of ye Lord,
And thank His name, whose glorious fame is spread throughout ye world.

The house is full of old armour—targes and claymores, helmets and hauberks; antique furniture and relics—the keys of the Tolbooth, Queen Mary's cross and purse, historic portraits and the like. Of special interest was the stately library, and the small writing room, with the desk and books just as the master left them, and the effigy of faithful Maida. Through the open window is heard the murmur of the distant Tweed, which in life he loved so well.

VICE-REGAL CHAPEL AND CASTLE, DUBLIN.

We may not tarry over the visit to Burns' country, to Ayr, and the many places over which is cast the spell of Scotland's peasant poet, Robbie Burns.

To many readers the most interesting part of Mr. Haight's beautiful volume will be the account of his visit to the Green Isle, the Isle of Saints, the home of wit and humour, of "the foinest pisantry in the woruld, sorr," of in-

imitable quips and cranks, and of that most amusing animal in the world's menagerie—the Irish bull. In "College Green," Dublin, so called, I suppose, "more Hibernico," because it has not a blade of grass, stands the most preposterous equestrian statue in the world—that of William III. One would think the man who made it never saw a horse in his life. Dublin Castle, a stern feudal tower, is characterized by strength rather than by beauty. The carving in the Chapel Royal is superb.

It needs all the charms of romance and poetry to make the low-backed jaunting car — it should be spelled j-o-l-t-i-n-g car —endurable. One has to hang on "with tooth and nail." I suppose it is a little better than riding on a rail, but I am not sure.

Our author seems to have had a very amusing time at the Lakes of Killarney, the wit and persistence of the incorrigible beggars being a fine foil to the charms of its world-famous scenery. Of course, everyone who visits the South of Ireland goes to see Blarney Castle, with its grim, square, ivy-mantled tower, and the wonderful stone which exerts such a potent spell on all who kiss it.

BLARNEY CASTLE.

"There is a stone there, whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses to grow eloquent;
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
Or become a mimber of sweet Parliament;
A clever spouter he'll shure turn out, or
An out and outer to be let alone;
Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him,
Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney-stone."

THE RED CROSS SOCIETY AND ITS WORK.*

JEAN HENRI DUNANT.

It is one of the glories of Christianity that even the horrors of war are ameliorated by the spirit of peace. The time was when human hyenas prowled like ghouls upon the field of battle, robbing the wounded and searching the slain for some paltry gain. Now, angels of mercy, bearing the sign of salvation—a red cross on a white ground—minister with tenderest care to the wounded on field and in hospital. Throughout Christendom, and even in semi-barbarous lands, that sign is sacred, and the soldiers of the Red Cross, a nobler chivalry than that of arms, enjoy the protection of the hostile armies, to whose wounded they minister with indistinguishing regard. This world-wide organization is chiefly the result of the labours of one man, who, having spent nearly the whole of his fortune in its promotion, now in poverty, in age and feebleness extreme, in an obscure Swiss infirmary, waits for his reward from Him who shall say, "I was sick and in prison, and ye ministered unto me."

"Jean Henri Dunant," says Georg Baumberger, "born May 28, 1828, in Geneva, is a descendant of an old patrician family. He belonged to a society of distinguished young people devoted to the assistance of the poor and unfortunate. As early as 1849 he began to consider the formation of a great international league for the alleviation of misfortune of all kinds. The thought took a more settled form after the Austro-Frankish campaign. In 1862 he corresponded with the military author, Colonel Lecomte, in Lausanne, in regard to the adoption by all nations of a uniform flag for the wounded and sanitary personnel. Meanwhile he had won over to his idea General Dufour, who, not in sympathy with it from the beginning, had doubted its practicability. The Geneva Society for the Public Weal began to put in practice one of Henri Dunant's proposals, the formation of a corps for volunteer sanitary assistance for the poor. Dunant and Moynier, the president of the corps, urged the convening of an international congress at Geneva.

"From now on Dunant developed an almost superhuman ac-

* We are indebted to an article in the February number of the *Chautauquan*, translated from the German "Ueber Land und Meer," by Georg Baumberger, for the information respecting the founder of the Red Cross Society, and for the portrait which we here reproduce.

tivity ; he rushed from court to court, from minister to minister, everywhere, to win adherents to his idea. Only with such energy of action and agitation, combined with such worldly tact as he possessed, could the congress be brought about, for there was something unheard-of in the very idea of a private citizen, backed by a few of his friends, presuming to convene the powers of Europe in a congress."

Dunant succeeded in inducing the International Congress at Berlin to recommend that "all governments should recognize as neutral persons the wounded, the military and volunteer physicians, and their assistants."

"Dunant immediately issued a circular setting forth the resolution, which was sent to all the ministers of war and foreign ministers, as well as to the prominent men of all countries. With unceasing activity he worked to promote the idea of the projected congress among persons of high rank. Crown Prince Frederick William invited him to visit at Potsdam, and encouraged him to persevere in his project."

At length, in 1864, that great international treaty was made by which forty-six different states adopted the principles of the Genevan Convention of the Red Cross Society. "To-day," says Mr. Baumberger, "the civilized people of five continents, and even half barbaric states, such as Siam and Persia, belong to the Red Cross. It was the first great world's treaty to be concluded, the first one international on a large scale, and it broke the path for later similar treaties in other lines of work, such as the international postal system. This world-embracing agreement was brought into prominence during the great war of 1870-71, when it proved a blessing to unnumbered thousands."

"Still another great international work Dunant strove to bring about: an international convention to consider the prisoners of war and the betterment of their condition. The idea gained ground so much that Czar Alexander II. of Russia, in 1872, undertook the protectorate of the enterprise."

Up till 1882, the United States had not adopted the principles of the Red Cross Society. It was left for one heroic woman, Miss Clara Barton, to bring about that adoption. When the war of secession broke out, there was in the Patent Office at Washington a clerk by the name of Clara Barton, who, after doing successful work as a school-teacher, had been the first woman to be employed in the Patent Office, and had for some time been persecuted and insulted by the male clerks. A native of the Bay State, and the patriotic daughter of an old soldier, she welcomed to the capital the Northern troops. From that time she sought means of ministering to the wounded. Throughout the war she looked upon wounded soldiers as brothers, whether they wore the blue or the gray.

"Clara Barton's connection with the Red Cross," says Miss Myrtis Barton, in a sketch of her kinswoman in The Outlook, "began when, at the end of the sixties, worn out and broken down in health, she went to Switzerland to rest and grow strong again, only to find there more work to do, and, finding it, to so enter into it, heart and soul, as never to lay it down. At the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war, there came to her, in her Swiss cottage, several members of the International Committee of the Red Cross, en route for the scene of action. They explained their errand, begged her

to join them, and finally so filled her with enthusiasm that, ill as she was, she promised to follow them within a fortnight. She was at once presented to the sweet, unassuming daughter of Kaiser William I., the Grand Duchess of Baden, who, with her ladies of the court around her, was working hard and unceasingly, and as they worked together, these two women found themselves mutually helpful.

CLARA BARTON,

President of the American National Red Cross Society.

"It would be too long a story, however interesting, to follow Clara Barton about from hospital to battle-field, and from Strassburg to Paris, which latter place she entered the day the siege was raised. It is a long story, too, that of those ten years between the close of the continental war and the final accession of the United States—a long story, full of discouragements, false hopes, and disappointments, full of weary months, I may say years, of nervous prostration. But, as soon as she was able, she was up from her sick-bed and in Washington, ready to begin the work to which she had pledged herself; and, at last, steps were taken necessary for making the United States one of the Red Cross nations."

As that country has happily been exempt from occasions to employ the Red Cross Society upon the field of war, it has found opportunity for the exercise of its beneficence in great national calamities. Twelve times has its aid been thus invoked, as, among others, after the great forest fires of Michigan, in the floods in Ohio and Mississippi in 1882, the Mississippi cyclone, the Charlestown earthquake, and the great Johnstown disaster. The Society also ministered to the peasants of Russia during the great famine there. As soon as such a calamity becomes known, the President of the Society and her associate helpers start for the scene of the disaster, taking with them supplies of every sort—food, clothing, materials and tools for building, household utensils, etc. Upon their arrival, Miss Barton chooses committees from the people to distribute the supplies, and, if the disaster is widespread, moves on from place to place ministering to the needs of the suffering. During the horrible disaster of the Conemaugh Valley, Miss Barton and her corps remained five months in the stricken city of Johnstown. The wants of over three thousand families—more than twenty thousand persons—were supplied by the Red Cross, the white waggons with the red symbol fetching and carrying for the stricken people.

Miss Barton has again come prominently before the eyes of the world. In the month of January, with her staff of assistants, she set out to convey the succour from the American nation to the hapless sufferers in Armenia. The truculent Sultan of Turkey, although that empire had acceded to the principles of the Red Cross Society, has refused it permission to enter his dominions. But full of faith, Clara Barton goes forth, trusting that in some way or other God will open a channel by which the Red Cross Society can carry food, money, and clothes to the suffering Armenians. "This will be a new and terrible kind of work—an undertaking full of peril, and one requiring the head of a diplomat, and a heart of courage, as well as the hand and soul of a philanthropist."

PURITAN SOLDIER'S SONG.

BY MRS. F. MACDONELL HAMMOND.

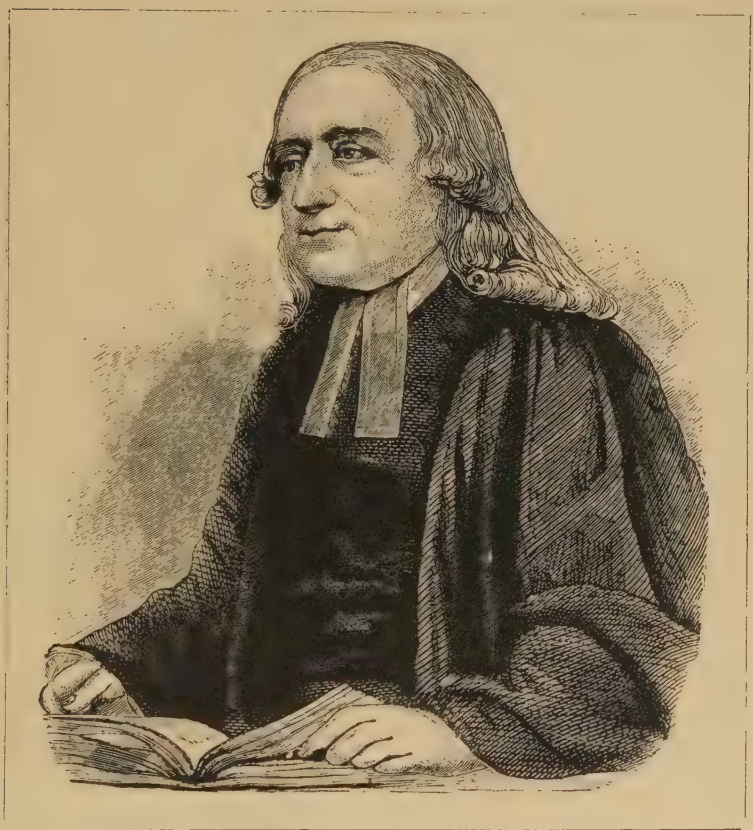
Oh, the Lord doth give us visions in the hours of the night,
He doth come to us in dreaming and man us for the fight.
"Arise ye," doth He cry to us," "be brave against the wrong!
The soldiers of Most High be ye. Quit ye like men, be strong.
Act well your part. I nerve your heart—make strong as steel your arm.
I will buckler you from harm,
As ye fight for the right, when ye have girded on
The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"

He doth give us to drink deeply of the fury of His cup,
And as mightymen refreshed we be when we have risen up,
There be none can stand before us—malignants of renown
Before our consecrated arms in myriads go down,
And we fear not—we spare not—our orders come from Him.
We hew Agag limb from limb,
As we smite in the fight, when we have girded on
The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!

Montreal.

THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS OF METHODISM.

BY E. S. ORR.



JOHN WESLEY.

The year 1729 is the starting point of the great religious movement called Methodism. In the Minutes of Conference of 1765, the question is asked, "What was the rise of Methodism, so called?" Wesley answers: "In 1729, my brother and I read the Bible; saw inward and outward holiness therein; followed after it, and incited others so to do." Charles Wesley was really the first Methodist. He was a sprightly, rollicking young fellow, and when spoken to by John about practical religion, answered, "What! Would you have me to be a saint all at once?" It was while John was curate to their father at Wroote, that Charles began to receive the sacrament weekly, and induced others to join him. When John returned to Oxford, he joined heartily in the movement. The name of Methodist, an appropriate one, was given them and clung to them.

Kirkham, Morgan, Whitefield, Clayton, Broughton, Ingham, Hervey and Gambold were among them. Several of them

rose to eminence in their after lives; some of them died early. One among them, Westley Hall, turned out to be an unmitigated scamp; but there was a Judas among the Twelve. The number of Oxford Methodists varied from five to twenty-seven. It seems that one woman, at least, was in the number, Miss Potter, supposed to be the daughter of Bishop Potter, but she does not seem to have been very faithful, and was probably too much influenced by the claims of polite society, of which she would be a leading member.

As the Methodists went to attend the weekly sacrament, they were jeered at by the other students, and made the butt of their wit and merriment. But they also suffered opposition from some of whom better things might have been expected. A gentleman, eminent for learning, and well esteemed for piety, told his nephew that if he dared to go to the weekly communion any longer, he would immediately turn him out of doors. He tried shaking him by the throat to no purpose, but afterwards by milder plans kept him away. We cannot follow the history of Oxford Methodism further.

In October, 1735, John and Charles Wesley, Ingham and Delamotte, set sail for America. They arrived at Savannah, Georgia, on the 6th of February, 1736, having been between three and four months on the water. We cannot dwell on the details of the voyage which Wesley gives in his journal, although they are interesting. The sufferings endured by Wesley during his residence in America were keen and varied. He was not always judicious, but was always conscientious. Whitefield, who sailed for America on the same day that Wesley returned to England, testified that good results had attended his labours. Perhaps the best result of all was that while in this wilderness state, God humbled him, proved him, and showed him what was in his heart.

He returned to England, landing there February 1, 1738, after an absence of about two years and four months. In the same year the first of Wesley's hymn-books was published, to be followed by about forty others before the close of his life. Wesley's conversion occurred in this year, on the 24th of May. Here ends the first ten years of Methodism.

Wesley spent the first ten months of 1739 in London, where he attended love-feasts, held by Whitefield and others, and which were frequented by large numbers of Moravians. In April of this year he preached at Bristol, his first out-door sermon in England. He had an interview with Dr. Butler, the Bishop of Bristol, who told him plainly that he had no business in Bristol, and advised him to leave. Wesley flatly refused to obey, replying, "Wherever I think I can do the most good, there I must stay." This was a most marked instance, perhaps the first, of his defiance of Anglican Church laws or order.

It was in the latter end of 1739 that the first stated meetings of the Methodists were held in London, on Thursday evening of every week. The first inquirers were eight or ten in number, but they soon increased to over a hundred. The first preaching house was built in this year at Bristol, and opened in 1740. It was also in 1739 that a ruinous old building, which had been used for casting cannon, was purchased by Wesley, at a cost of £115, and fitted up for a preaching house and parsonage. This was the first place of the kind in London, and in the parsonage Wesley's mother died. In 1740

the first watch-night service was held. The year 1741 witnessed the death of William Seward, at Monmouth, in Wales, from a blow on the head—the first martyr of Methodism.

John and Charles Wesley now began to administer the Lord's Supper to the Methodists, in Kingswood and London. The first issue of tickets took place in this year, 1741. Hannah Richardson and others were garnered into the heavenly garner, the first-fruits to be followed by countless thousands. Hannah Richardson was followed to the grave by the Bristol Methodists, the funeral procession being pelted with dirt and stones.

In 1742, weekly classes were established, first for the purpose of collecting money to pay a chapel debt. They were found to be a means of spiritual good, and have been maintained ever since. In 1743, John Wesley commenced his ceaseless itinerancy, travelling on horseback, reading as he rode, and usually having a preacher with him. The celebrated Wednesbury riots occurred in this year, and the Justices Lane and Persehouse issued orders for the apprehension of the Methodist preachers. The membership in London rose to 2,200, and preaching was held in West Street and Snowfields, as well as at the Foundry. Sacrament services sometimes lasted five hours.

A little book in my library, four by six and three-quarter inches, and one and a half inches thick, bound in leather, printed by H. Cock, and sold at the Foundry, price one shilling, contains Wesley's Journal from October 27, 1743, to November 17, 1746. Some events may be noted. At Bristol, John Nelson, through the efforts of Mr. Coleby, the vicar, was pressed for a soldier. Thomas Beard was also pressed; he fell into a fever, was bled in the arm, which mortified, and caused his death.

On June 25, 1744, the first Conference met at the Foundry. Wesley writes of many brethren being present; only six names, however, are on record, the two Wesleys, Hodges, Piers, Taylor, and Meriton, all English Church ministers. The Conference lasted six days. There was much prayer, and much discussion of doctrines. The question was asked, "Do we separate from the Church?" and answered, "We conceive not." Several of the bishops began to speak against them. Several of the clergy stirred up the people to treat them as outlaws, or mad dogs. Wesley preached at Sheffield, on the floor of the preaching house, which the good Protestant mob had pulled down. A former friend advised Wesley "to return to the Church, to remove all the lay assistants, dissolve the societies, leave off field preaching, and accept of honourable preferment." Wesley, in recording this, exclaims, "What is man!" Query, how could they return to the Church if they had not left it? Undoubtedly they had practically left it, and it was popularly considered that they had.

December 30, 1745, Wesley says, "We believe it would not be right for us to administer either baptism or the Lord's Supper, unless we had a commission so to do from those bishops whom we apprehend to be in succession from the Apostles. And yet we allow these bishops are the successors of those who are dependent on the Church of Rome."

About three weeks after, on Monday, January 20th, 1746, Wesley made the following memorable entry: "I set out for Bristol. On the road I read over Lord King's account of the Primitive Church.

In spite of the vehement prejudice of my education, I was ready to believe this was a fair and impartial draft. But if so, it would follow that bishops and presbyters are (essentially) of one order, and that originally every Christian congregation was a Church independent of all others!" This led, thirty-eight years later, to his ordaining preachers for America, and to many subsequent ordinations down to the last year of his life, 1790.

It seems to have been about 1746 that Methodism was introduced into Ireland, by Mr. Williams, a preacher from England, who formed a society in Dublin. Mr. Wesley arrived there in 1747. He preached by invitation in St. Mary's church, had an interview with the Archbishop; found the society to consist of about two hundred and eighty members; spent a fortnight, and returned to England. Up to the year 1778 Wesley visited Ireland seventeen times. About this time he remarks that he thought preaching three times a day, and riding about fifty miles, was work enough. At another time, believing his strength would not allow him to preach five times in the day, he asked John White to preach at five in the morning, himself preaching twice in the forenoon, and in the afternoon and evening.

In 1749 the Cork riots occurred, led by a ballad singer, dressed as a parson. They continued ten days. The destruction of property and personal injuries inflicted were frightful. So ends the second decade of Methodism. It should, however, be said that at the Conference of 1749, the question was asked, "May not all the societies in England be considered as one body, united by one Spirit? May not that in London, the mother church, consult for the good of all the churches?" And yet we are told that Wesley never called his societies churches.

There were now twelve circuits, London, Bristol, and eight others in England, and two in Wales and Ireland. In the year 1750, several shocks of earthquake occurred in London. These are referred to in the lines,

> "How happy then are we,
> Who build, O Lord, on Thee!
> What can our foundation shock?
> Though the shattered earth remove,
> Stands our city on a rock,
> On the rock of heavenly love.

In February, 1751, while laid up with a sprained ankle, Wesley courted and married Mrs. Vazelle, an act which he did not cease to regret all the rest of his life—a period of thirty years. The most charitable estimate that can be formed of Mrs. Wesley, is that she was partially insane.

It was in this year also that Wesley first visited Scotland. Sixty-eight itinerant preachers were now employed. Among them were John Bennett, John Haime, Thomas Maxfield, John Nelson, and the two Perronetts. In 1752 mention is made of local preachers. Any preacher who could not preach at least twice every day could not be an itinerant, but must be only local. Preachers were to have £10 a year for clothing and £10 for their wives. Bishop Lavington called the Methodists either innocent madmen, or infamous cheats.

1753—Preachers were not to preach more than twice a day, and three times on Sundays. In this year a quarterly meetings of stewards was held. Wesley was seriously ill, expected to die of consumption, and wrote his own epitaph. T. Butts and W. Briggs, the first book-stewards, were appointed.

1754—January—Wesley was laid up at Bristol, unable to travel or preach, but able to read and write. He translated the New Testament from the Greek, and wrote his Notes, the work of ten weeks, of sixteen hours a day—not bad for an invalid. Few modern authors would like to do so much in the same time. After a rest of four months, he began preaching again.

1755—Some of the preachers administered the sacraments; among them the two Perronnetts and Walsh. This created much controversy. John was inclined to ordain them, and asked Charles to sign certificates, but he would not consent. In this year Wesley first formed the acquaintance of Fletcher.

1756—Wesley visited Ireland and preached to the Palatines. The Emburys were Palatines. The refusal to allow the preachers to administer the sacrament, and the attempt to force the members to attend Church, caused the loss of many members and some preachers, who became dissenters. A friendly churchman gave it as his opinion that "Methodism, as to its external form, is such a deviation from the rules and constitution of the Church of England that all attempts to render it consistent would be vain.

1757—Charles Wesley ceased to itinerate, probably because John would not adopt his High Church ideas. At Haworth, Wesley and Grimshaw had nearly a thousand communicants.

1758—Nathaniel Gilbert began to preach to the Africans in Antigua. At Drumcree, in Ireland, a chapel was opened, the roof of thatch, and the walls of mud. Wesley visited Wales.

1759—John Fletcher, writing to Charles Wesley, says, "If I ever receive anything from the Methodist Church, it shall be only as an indigent mendicant receives alms, without which he would perish." Notice the words "Methodist Church." At Norwich, Wesley insisted that the men and women should sit apart.

1760—Service at four o'clock in the morning first held in Dublin. At Sussex, a magistrate sentenced Thomas Osborne to a fine of £20 for allowing Methodist preaching in his house, and fourteen persons who were present, five shillings each. The fines were quashed by a writ of certiorari. It was in this year that Embury, the Hecks, and others, left Bollingrave in Ireland, for New York.

1761—The London Society numbered 2,375. Sarah Crosby began to hold public meetings, Wesley not forbidding her. Wesley says that Bishop Stillingfleet had long since convinced him and others, that to believe none but episcopal ordination valid was an entire mistake. The doctrine of sanctification was much debated.

1762—A society at Galway, in Ireland, was composed wholly of young women. Forty persons in Dublin professed to enjoy entire sanctification.

1763—Wesley was now almost the only clergyman who itinerated. Whitefield and Charles Wesley were in poor health, and Berridge and others settled down. John had no home, was worse than wifeless, and had no family ties. He gladly wandered up and down. He formed the acquaintance of Lady Maxwell and Lady Glenorchy, Scotch gentlewomen and widows, still young in years. A Methodist chapel was built in Edinburgh.

1764—Wesley was assisted in London by John Jones, who had been ordained by Erasmus, the Greek bishop. Rev. John Richardson, a clergyman who had been converted under Rankin, left his

curacy in Sussex, and went to London to assist Wesley. It was he who read the funeral service over Wesley's grave twenty-seven years after. Wesley wrote a circular letter to about fifty clergymen, asking for their union and co-operation ; only three of them replied. Wesley said when early morning preaching was given up Methodism would sink into nothing.

1765—Wesley waited fourteen days for a favourable wind to take him to Ireland, but had to abandon the journey. He made another visit to Scotland. Captain Webb was converted, and began preaching. For about fifteen years no Minutes of Conference were printed, but this year the Minutes contained a list of stations, thirty-nine in number.

1766—Philip Embury (one of whose descendants, Samuel Philip Embury, is a member of the Quarterly Board of the Marbleton Mission), was persuaded by Barbara Heck to preach in New York. The first congregation consisted of five persons. Captain Webb also held services in his own house at Albany, about the same time. In 1766 the members reported were 19,753 ; of these 486 were in Scotland. Wesley advised all Methodists in England and Ireland who had been brought up in the Church constantly to attend the service of that Church at least every Lord's Day. Query, what about these who were not brought up in that Church, for instance, those who had been Romanists ?

1767—There are forty-one circuits, and 25,911 members. Rich Methodists subscribed twenty shillings a year for the chapel debts. Smuggling prevailed to a great extent at St. Ives and elsewhere. The Methodists were not free from the dishonest practice, but Wesley would not tolerate it, and those who would not give it up were expelled.

1768—Francis Asbury was received into full connection. Wesley was appointed Chaplain to the Countess of Buchan. Glasgow Methodism was flourishing. Wesley was at his wit's end about two things : the Church and Christian perfection. Being sixty-five years of age, he made his will ; he lived to make another nearly twenty years later. Laurence Coughlan, who had received episcopal ordination, writes to Wesley from Newfoundland, where he was preaching as a Church missionary, but laying the foundations of Methodism. Six young men were expelled from Edmund Hall, Oxford, for Methodism, but none of them had been connected with Wesley.

1769—Richard Bondman and Joseph Pilmoor were sent to New York. Fifty pounds were sent to help the building fund of Wesley Chapel, and twenty pounds given to the two preachers.

1770—Wesley wished to visit America, but found it impossible to leave his work in England. A bitter controversy arose between the Arminian and Calvinistic Methodists. Fletcher did the Arminian cause great service. Wesley preached a funeral sermon for Whitefield. There were fifty circuits, the fiftieth one being America, with four preachers.

1771—Richard and Rowland Hill entered the list of Wesley's opponents. For the first time the Wesleys are given a place in the list of stations, the initials only being given, J. W., C. W., London. Members in America, 316 ; total, 33,388.

1772—Wesley, being sixty-nine years of age, ceased to travel on horseback, and used a chaise. He suggests as a remedy for the high price of wheat, that the use of it

for distilling should be prohibited. Augustus Toplady has the courtesy to call Wesley a liar. Wesley, in a long letter to Fletcher, designates him as his successor; twelve years afterwards he preached his funeral sermon.

1774—Joseph Bradford is admitted, after only one year's probation, and becomes Wesley's travelling companion. America has only seven preachers, but 2,204 members. Preachers' wives are to have lodging, coal and candles, or fifteen pounds a year.

1775—America has eleven preachers, and 3,158 members. Great excitement is caused by the rebellion of the American colonists. Wesley abridges Dr. Johnson's "Taxation No Tyranny," and issues it in his own name, as a "Calm Address." At Tinderogee, in Ireland, Wesley had a dangerous fever, but after ten days' delay was at work again.

1776—No preachers' names are given in the Minutes as stationed in America; the work must have been greatly hindered by the war. The project of building City Road Chapel was started. The Foundry had to be pulled down. The Bishop of Lodor and Man warns his clergy against the unordained Methodist preachers, and forbids them to administer the sacrament to them. Wesley's wife joined with his enemies to injure him by publishing falsehoods in print, but Wesley gave himself no concern about the matter.

1777—The Gospel Magazine addresses Wesley in a poem, the last two lines of which are,

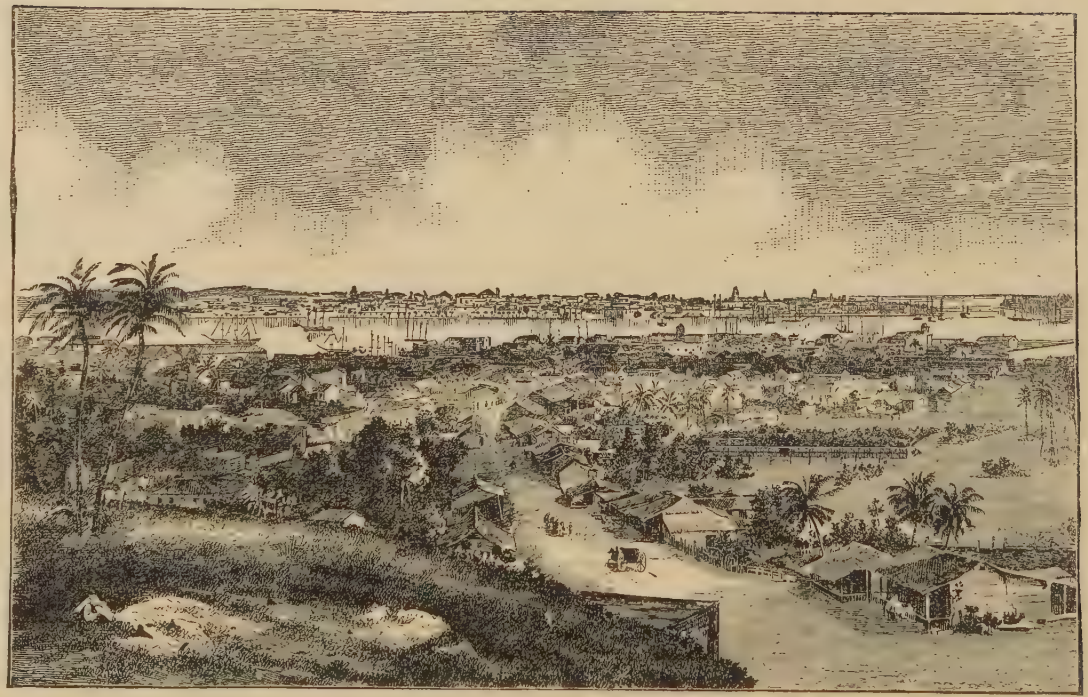
"O think of this, thou grey-haired sinner,
Ere Satan pick thy bones for dinner."

The unhappy Dr. Dodd, who had once reviled Wesley, when he found his life in danger, sent for him, and was greatly benefited by his ministrations. Fletcher visited the Conference in great feebleness; the scene was a touching one. Wesley's faith in prayer led him to exclaim, "He shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord." He survived eight years. Francis Asbury was left alone to carry on the work in America, and was obliged to hide himself for a time until the calamities were overpassed.

1778—The name of Thomas Coke appears in the Minutes as stationed in London. No preachers' names are given for America, but the membership there is 6,968. Total membership, 47,057. A discussion was had about sending missionaries to Africa. Silas Told, the prisoner's friend, died and was buried by Wesley. The first number of the Arminian Magazine was published. This magazine still survives, under the name of the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, and is said to be the oldest religious periodical in the world.

1779—Closes the fifth decade of Methodism. The year was not an eventful one. A decrease of members was reported in London, owing, perhaps, to the friction between the clergymen and the other preachers at City Road and elsewhere. Wesley is now seventy-six years old, and has twelve years of life before him still; many books to write, many sermons to preach, and thousands of miles to travel. The preachers number 161. The membership in America is not given, Scotland, 632, Ireland, 5,950. Total as far as reported, 42,486. Including America, the total membership would be about 50,000; circuits sixty-two. No part of this vast Dominion of Canada had yet heard the voice of a Methodist preacher. Sunday, August 8th, was the last night Wesley spent at the Foundry. On leaving it he exclaims, "What hath God wrought there in forty years!"

Cookshire, Que.



CITY OF HAVANA.

A VISIT TO CUBA.

BY JOHN BOYD.

Nothing seems to impress the traveller more than the apparently new world and new life into which he is ushered, when arriving at the lovely island of Cuba, from his Northern home. Its tropical verdure and the peculiarity of the mode of living of its people are so manifest. This is especially marked on account of the very short voyage of five or six days from the port of New York to the city of Havana, the climate being in such sharp contrast to the Canada I had left.

Some few years ago, the demands of a large business house in this city, of which I was the senior partner, compelled me to visit the islands of Nassau and Cuba. In the first named I made but a short stay—in the latter I remained for some time. This island is at present made more interesting to the public on account of its internal troubles which have drawn towards it recently so much attention.

On the 2nd day of January, with three friends from Canada, I sailed from New York for Havana, for the purpose of buying sugars principally—to be used in this market—thus, if possible, to induce more direct trade—instead of, as in the past, replenishing our stocks from second hands in New York and Montreal. In the midst of a blinding storm of snow and sleet our vessel started, but within two or three days, entering upon the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream, a pleasant change was felt —overcoats and warm apparel were thrown aside for lighter material.

The evenings were delightful.

"The air was balm, the ocean spread
O'er coral rocks and amber beds."

The heavens in the west tinged with golden and purple beauty as the sunlight faded, showing against the clear sky any distant ship with its delicate tracery of spars and sails standing out in the glowing light.

Before reaching Nassau, for two or three days, we were indeed sailing on a summer sea. The sky was lovely overhead, and around us a soft balmy air. The ladies amongst our passengers began to show themselves on deck, arrayed in summer apparel.

Leaving Nassau, we sailed direct to Havana, and upon reaching its splendid harbour, guarded at its entrance by the grim, frowning, and historic fortress of Morro Castle, we soon came to an anchorage. Our vessel was at once beset by scores of small boats, their occupants noisily shouting out the advantages of the hotels they represented, not much unlike a city near home. Passing our trunks, etc., through the Custom House means giving also a record of the colour of our hair, eyes, height and breadth of body, with other personal attractions; we were then permitted to wander at our own sweet will. For that night our stopping place was at an hotel, highly warranted for its cleanliness and luxury of fare by one of the brazen-throated villains who boarded our steamer. One night was enough, for in addition to inferior accommodation, our pockets were relieved of all their small change by some one of the lusty chambermaids in the shape of one of the bare-footed and bare-legged negroes of the male sex that are attendants in such a house. It was useless to complain; we could speak little or no Spanish—they

could speak no English—so we suffered the loss in indignant silence, but determined upon a change of quarters.

Choosing the Hotel Inglaterra, as recommended by a friend whom we met, we were soon transferred to this fine hostelry. It was beautifully situated, and fronting on the large square or plaza. We began to realize the beauty of our surroundings. Large airy rooms, with wide and cool halls. Around and near the building we found abundance of tropical verdure—strange and rich plants with their gorgeous foliage and flowers.

In the large square before the hotel, during the evening the band discoursed sweet music, whilst splendid equipages filled with dark-eyed senoritas and wealthy Cubans, listened and talked in the soft-tongued Spanish language.

> "Music arose with its voluptuous swell
> And all went merry as a marriage bell."

From friends in New York, I had received letters of introduction to some of the principal sugar merchants in Havana, and was courteously invited to visit at their homes and plantations near the city. Having but a miserable smattering of Spanish, my frequent mistakes were amazing and amusing. In one instance it was ludicrous indeed. With the three friends who accompanied me from Canada—two of us from Toronto and two from Hamilton—we decided to visit the wonderful cave of which we had heard much, upon the island.

Hiring a couple of volantes, a sort of gig, such as may be seen, although rarely, now in this city, capable of holding only two persons, and the ebony-hued driver astride upon the horse at some distance ahead, we started very early in the morning to escape the intense heat. It was all very well whilst moving along, but upon our return, wishing to hasten a little, in vain were all our attempts to make our Jehu understand our meaning. Dumb show, waving of arms, and shouts were alike useless. Entirely misunderstanding all our poor attempts in English and bad French, and thinking he was proceeding at too slow a rate, this man continually lashed and whipped the poor mules, but at last getting into one of the narrow streets of the city, where the crowd was great, no progress could be made. One of our number, of an impulsive temperament, sprang from the vehicle and rushing to the first person he met, began to explain the case, only to be met by the national shrug of the shoulders and eloquent words of Spanish. Fortunately one gentleman appeared at this juncture, who understood both languages. Explaining our wishes to the driver to be a desire to return to the hotel, all was serene, but ever to be remembered was the appearance of that burly black driver as he drove homewards, alternately chuckling and then shaking like a jelly in his saddle as he proceeded.

The cave which we had visited was indeed a curiosity. Descending by steps, and through a long vaulted opening, we reached a large opening like a cathedral, with natural pillars, and long stalactites hanging from the roof, which, when our guides had lighted their torches, shone like burnished gold, and sparkled with various hues like diamonds. The scene was impressive and cannot readily be forgotten.

The beauty of the Cuban ladies seems to fade somewhat at a comparatively early age, becoming, as it appeared to me, at a time when Canadian women are at their prime, prematurely old and ungainly. In early womanhood they

are darkly beautiful. The streets of Havana are almost invariably narrow and unevenly paved, and in some portions of the city the crush of vehicles of all kinds makes walking almost impossible, but in and around the great public squares are splendid equipages, betokening great wealth. We attended the religious service in the ancient Cathedral. Like many other Roman Catholic churches, when not in use for service, it seems cold, hard, and stony, but with the grandeur of music, incense, and richly robed priests, a multitude of people, and the gorgeous light from the stained windows, the service was really outwardly impressive.

Interested as I was in sugar, my visit to the plantations was quite natural. Negro slavery was then in full swing. Of course to myself it was abhorrent, but as a stranger I had to see everything about the island. Many of the slaves appeared to be quite happy, their wants being few and their aspirations stifled.

Alas ! at present, apparently, the Nemesis is at hand. War with all its horrors is now raging in the island. Let us hope, let us pray, that out of the darkness and the sorrow of war that covers this fair island may arise the dawning light of a purer and a brighter day for the people of Cuba. To our limited view events and circumstances appear to be confused, but the Lord's hand is working with nations as with individuals, and out of seeming gloom and trouble will arise light and peace.

Toronto.

ACQUIESCENCE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

I would not leave my post on earth, dear Lord, but at Thy will ;
And if Thou bid me tarry here a little longer still,
I will not fret nor murmur ; I am sure Thy choice is best ;
And Thou wilt help me not to long too much for heaven and rest.

It is not wrong, though, is it, Lord, to *think* of rest and home—
So that I do not wish them mine before Thy time has come?
For now I feel more weak and tired the yearning deeper grows,
And I cannot keep from wondering when my day of life will close,—

And it seems to speed earth's slow-winged hours, and bright her darkened sky,
When I can picture to myself the glorious world on high ;
I muse upon the joys amid its scenes so wondrous fair,
Until, sometimes, I fancy that I must be almost there !

But indeed, indeed I would not go ere I my work have done :
If I *could* cast the cross aside, with the crown not fully won,
Methinks that even heaven itself would scarcely heaven be,
When I found I had unfinished left that Thou did'st trust to me.

Then make me very patient, Lord, and glad to do Thy will,
If Thou dost choose that here on earth I tarry longer still :
And, after all, it may be such a little, little while
Till I shall hear Thy sweet "Well done," and see Thy loving smile.

Toronto.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S BURIAL AND EPITAPH.

BY REV. W. HARRISON.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

As Professor Huxley died at the very time when the last great electoral excitement in Great Britain was at its keenest stage, the departure of this distinguished scientist attracted very little attention. So fiercely raged the almost unparalleled political battle that the English people could scarcely think of anything else. So this man of world-wide fame passed away from the stage of a very active and remarkable career, with the briefest, barest notice that such an event had occurred. As the nation once more regained its usual self-possession, the vanishing out of this stirring and in some respects aggressive and imperial age, of so illustrious a thinker and philosopher has been widely noticed by the influential journals and reviews, and attempts are now being made to fix his true place in the departments of research where for so many years he has acted as high priest with an energy and persistency which his bitterest foes are ready to acknowledge.

There is no doubt that the final, universal verdict will place him among the very ablest representatives in the special realm to which he for so many years belonged. Whilst this is frankly admitted, and not one item of any real contribution to the splendid sum total of ascertained fact is denied, it is nevertheless true that for nearly forty years his influence and teaching in certain directions have been disturbing to the religious convictions of large numbers of Christian people and distinctly antagonistic to the general conceptions of the universe as authorized by the utterances of the Biblical revelation. Because of his bold and defiant opposition to some of the widely received interpretations of New Testament authority, and of his immense deductions from utterly insufficient premises, he has been assailed by all manner of combatants, from the village parson to Mr. Gladstone, and by almost every school of thought.

There comes a time, however, in the life of the most pronounced opponent of Christian theism, when these unyielding warriors on the great battlefields of human investigation and discussion begin to recognize and feel keenly their own clear limitations, and the need of help they do not possess. So, after the heat and smoke of many a contest has passed away and this champion of modern Agnosticism stands face to face with the permanent facts of his own existence and the surrounding universe and dawning future, the insufficiency of the whole aggregation of negatives becomes more and more manifest, and the desire for something more satisfy-

ing makes itself felt as the current of life grows deeper with its unceasing, onward flow. As the curtains began to fall around his earthly career, Professor Huxley evidently felt that his system of denial was too weak and cheerless, as a man comes face to face with life's last touching hours. "To worship at the altar of the Unknown and the Unknowable" in the supreme moments of existence is infinitely too vague and uncertain, and is like giving a stone when men ask for bread.

Let us watch the movements of the great man, when the stern and unadorned realities of life are before him, and are before him in a manner which admits of no quibbling, and which the most indifferent cannot evade. What is the record? No less an authority than the Editor of the London Lancet speaks of the circumstances of Mr. Huxley's burial as follows: "One humble man asked if the ground was consecrated ground. The reply was that it was so, and the feeling of the reverent mourners was that henceforth it would be more consecrated than before. The service was read with much simple force by the Rev. John Llewelyn Davies, formerly vicar of Christ Church, Marylebone. Never was the momentous fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians read with more acceptance than over the great apostle of science, who was more religious than he would admit, or perhaps knew, and who, it is said, wished a few days before his death to be buried with the service of the Church of England."

We scarcely regard this wish as one of the inconsistencies of a great man. Like other great men, with all the boldness of his thought, he knew the sharp limitations of his own knowledge.

Surely this leader in lofty investigation and in many a prolonged and fierce discussion, as he approaches the closing act in life's strange but real drama, relinquishes the old spirit of the gladiator and takes on a finer and softer mould, and the faith of his youth asserts itself with peculiar but extraordinary power.

How strange, and how utterly striking is the contrast between the tone of calm, absolute and solemn certainty which pervades every line of that grand fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, and the venerable ritual of the Church, as in stately and reverent phrase it repeats the foundation doctrines of the Christian faith as they are related to life, death, salvation, the sacrificial work of our glorious Lord, and the fact of a future state.

Let the reader follow the magnificent argument and conclusion of the Prince of Apostles, and find, if he can, any hesitation, uncertain step or accent in his peerless, triumphant faith. In this service, we have no guess, no recital of some splendid probability, no confession that we cannot know as touching God or the destiny of a human being, no conclusion drawn from insufficient basis of fact, but the language which finds its authority in the teachings of One who knew and to whom all the verities of the Christian revelation were objects and themes with which He was infinitely familiar.

In that service, under whose auspices the distinguished scientist and philosopher desired to be buried, we have the expression and declaration on great theological themes, which is as far removed from the Agnostic's position as we can possibly imagine. It is the difference which no measuring line can describe, which no language can express.

Let us pass from this atmosphere of sublime and absolute certainty to the painful and hopeless humiliation of Agnosticism, with its distressing acknowledgments as to life's bitter perplexities, the almost universal mystery in which we live, and the dreary, unilluminated future into which we are being forced by the soulless machinery of the heavens and earth as it goes on its blind and mindless way.

Surely it meant something more than the empty wish of a dying man to have a burial which a common Christian civilization has made possible. The man who through life ignored with contempt the unmeaning form, is not likely in his last moments to desire that when the pathetic dust should fall upon his coffin, it should fall under the solemn music of tender but utterly misleading and delusive words. To explain this final request as meaning nothing more than to pass out of sight in some respectable way, or a last wish to show some consideration for the religious views and prejudices of some relations or friends, is to offer a solution which the late Professor would have spurned with all the indignation of which he was capable in his manhood prime. We give the great man credit for something better than this poor make-shift as the desire fell from his lips ; surely his request is worthier of a deeper interpretation than that which an unrelenting scepticism would only too readily suggest.

When we remember in addition to this the epitaph, which he is said to have selected, and which has been engraven on his tomb, we seem to hear the profound aspirations of a fearless spirit grasping for the firm foundations, amid the solemnities of world-changing, with all its strange commingling of light and shade.

> " And if there be no meeting past the grave,
> If all is darkness, silence, yet 'tis rest.
> Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep,
> For God still giveth His beloved sleep,
> And if an endless sleep He wills, so best."

Such are the words in which the apostle of Agnosticism found a source of repose, words which in their poorest significance rise infinitely higher in their affirmations as to the being of God and his administration of the affairs of the universe than the creed which Professor Huxley advocated for many years with great ability and force. That burial, with its lofty, solemn service, and the written words upon the enduring memorial at the head of the great man's grave, carry with them a confession, under the burden of life's unbending realities, of the impotency and insufficiency of a system of mere negations though passing current under the most influential and brilliant auspices and presented to the world in its most impressive form.

Let the man of flippant speech learn moderation, the scorner cease from his scorning, and the poor figure of a measureless conceit, pause a few moments at this illustrious grave, and ponder the two requests made in life's supreme and honest hours by one of the most distinguished personalities of the present age. And let the Christian disciple, as he plants afresh, and with renewed confidence, his faith in the firm, unyielding foundations of the Gospel scheme, utter with an ever increasing emphasis, " For their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges."

Bathurst, N.B.

THOMAS McGREGOR'S REMOVAL.

BY DOUGLAS HEMMEON.

"Thomas McGregor — Removed."

The new minister of Porto Bello was sitting in his new study with his feet on its old table, utterly forgetful of respect to the many thoughts—original and otherwise —which had been transcribed to paper there. The Circuit Register was lying open across his knees, and he was scanning the list of members, while trying hard to keep his head above the oceans of information with which the outgoing minister of the circuit was deluging him from the other side of the table, where he lingeringly occupied the study chair for the last time.

"You must have returned Thomas McGregor as a member in your schedule for this year, and his name must also have been returned by his present pastor," suggested the new minister respectfully. He was the other's junior and had just been ordained.

"No, it wasn't. I'll explain all about him." A pathetic look came into the face of the other as he spoke.

Swinging himself dexterously around, and slipping his hands familiarly into the hollows of his chair-arms, he rose and, going to the study-window, pointed out across the fields and roofs of the country village, to a white cottage standing clear against the summer sky.

"There is where he lived when he was an active resident member," he said.

The new preacher turned and looked out the window.

He saw a plain, white, old house, with a weed-grown garden between its front-door and the wide, white road which ran past it into the village.

The windows were without blinds or curtains, which gave it that lonesome, empty look, so peculiarly indicative of a vacant house.

The sight was lonely, and not pleasant to the young minister, who was trying to forget his own loneliness ; and he turned quickly back to the table. The other also turned, slipped unconsciously into his chair, leaned back, with half-closed eyes fixed on the ceiling, and, reading from a vivid memory, began :

"Thomas McGregor is a staunch Scotchman, and a good man. He is a shoe-maker by trade, and a good one. Early in life he came to Porto Bello to work, and his temperate habits and industry gained him a good livelihood.

"He was strong of mind and body, and made a success of whatever he undertook. Quite soon after he came here he united himself to the church down yonder, and also to a fair lass of the village.

"He was wont to inform me quaintly from amongst the shoe-pegs which generally filled his mouth while he bent over his work, that—'He hoped, sir, as that he was as much of an addition to the one as he was to the other,'—and I believe he was a help to both.

"Soon after his marriage, he moved into the house I showed you over there."

The listener nodded, but did not follow his gaze out the window.

"They were very happy, and

cared very lovingly for each other and for the four little children sent to them, especially the youngest, a little, sunny-eyed, fair-haired girl.

"Thomas was passionately fond of his little 'Sunglint,' as he used to call her, and many an eye would follow the two with a softer look as they went—little children together—hand in hand down to the shop; or when, in winter, with her wrapped up in his arms, he would dash through the snow with her merry laughter for sleigh-bells.

"Down in the shop she had a wee leather chair fashioned by the father's hand, and there she would sit by the hour, and put tiny bits of leather together, in the childish-sweet conceit that she was 'helpin' papa,'—which no one in the whole village could have been hired to break with the unfeeling truth.

"But Glintie's dearest delight was to watch papa making her a pair of shoes, and she would sit in wide-eyed quiet in her little chair, watching him cut, and peg, and scrape them, till the blue eyes would fall silently shut, and she would fall as silently to sleep.

"Indeed, such was her desire to watch that branch of the villager's native industry that, one day, when I saw her standing with both hands on the gate industriously scuffling her little feet in the gravel-path, and asked her what she was doing, she naively replied:

"'When old shoes all gone, pretty soon papa will make his Glintie new ones.'

"She listened thoughtfully while I explained that papa would not like her to wear them out so quickly, and when I was through, straightway pattered off to ask him if that were so.

"And so these two became a necessary part of each other's happiness, growing into each other's lives like ivy-vines. On the one side, perfect fatherly love and authoritative affection, on the other, perfect child-like trust and faith—between them perfect companionship."

The minister had run on till he had grown unconscious of the other's presence. His face was a study. Part of the past was passing as present before him—a part that had affected him deeply.

The younger man, too, had grown interested. The speaker continued:

"The spring which saw Sunglint five winters old came in raw and chilly. Pneumonia was carrying off old and young, and my funerals were sadly numerous. It was too cold for Glintie to come out to the shop, so she sat by the window at home, and waited for papa. And no one grumbled in all our little town if McGregor's noon-hour was an hour and a half, or if six o'clock at 'McGregor's' came at just five forty-five.

"The little one stayed in because she was not strong, and it did not seem to make her any stronger.

"One evening McGregor was hurrying me along up the street to take tea with him. We stopped to shut the gate. Glintie was at the window—a little snow-flake unsoiled by muddy March. McGregor looked at her, smiling and waving his hand, then turned to me.

"'Pastor,' he said, shutting the gate hard and fast with a sudden frantic grip, 'd'ye think God could take my wee Sunglint from me?'—and then, as if afraid of an answer I could not have made, he strode into the house.

"In June Glintie got down to the shop again—a pale little Glintie to be sure, but her same sunny self for all.

"The child was certainly not strong like her mother and sisters, and McGregor knew it, and I

knew he dreaded the worst, and I pitied him sorely.

"The child was to him as his own heart's blood, and her death would be a hard blow.

"I stopped one day at his door and told him how much brighter she looked. He looked over at her—then up at me. 'Pastor,' he whispered quietly, 'My Glintie is surely not to live much longer.'

"I glanced at him sharply, surprised at the statement made so quietly, and I saw his hands clinch the hard-wood last between his knees like a vise, and the savage blows he dealt fell far wide of the mark, so that a protest came from little Glintie in her chair. 'That's not the way you do, papa—not that way.'

"I was very sorry for the poor fellow, for I remember our own little girl."

The minister cleared his throat, then continued: "Little red and blue morocco shoes brought smiles to the face and light to the eyes of the little one, but not strength to her frail body. She was slipping from the father's grasp like sand from the clutch of children on the sea-shore, and he knew it.

"One day, in early October, Sunglint died with the leaves. The Master suffered her to go unto Him. I never saw a child's funeral so largely attended. McGregor was very quiet throughout it all, giving no outward sign of heart-ache, except an absent-minded fit now and again.

"He worked away at his bench with his sorrow locked up in his heart. But it had to find vent. From absent-mindedness, he passed to wandering talks of his 'little Glintie waiting for him at home,' and one day he said to me: 'Pastor, something'—laying his hand on his heart—'began to break here when Glintie died, but I'm afraid it's gettin' up here,'—pointing to his head.

"I laughed at him, but I was not surprised when they told me one day that he was making a pair of little shoes, and muttering something about 'sendin' them along o' the sun-beams in the evenin' to Glintie.'

"At last his reason entirely left him, and his sorrowing family were compelled to send him to the asylum. It was a hard thing, and we were all sorry.

"Well," continued the minister, "he had been there for some time. No one ever hoped to see him again, and when his wife's brother came home one day from the far West, where he had spent many years and grown wealthy, she accepted his offer and went back with him, taking the three children and leaving the house vacant.

"You may think it strange, but she thought it best to go away from surroundings which only served to remind her of the awful past.

"I think a year or more had passed when word came from the officers of the asylum that McGregor had recovered his reason and was coming home. We were all glad, and met him at the train. He had aged a good deal, and was quite grey.

"'Why! Where's the wife and children?' he asked.

"We looked at each other in blank dismay.

"'I asked ye, where's my wife?' he said again, sharply. 'Don't ye know, men? Where's Sally and the children?'

"It devolved upon me to tell him, and I tried to make it as easy as possible, but when I had finished he said not a word, but brushed us all aside and went down the street.

"He stopped opposite the old cottage, and, leaning over the gate, looked at it for hours.

"We all feared for his reason, but he seemed to be perfectly sane, and in a day or two rented a new

shop, set up business again, and began work.

"But the shock of finding his family gone, combined with the old associations, at last proved too much for reason.

"In the evenings, after he had closed his little store, he would walk out the old familiar road, and lean for hours over the gate of his vacant house, gazing at the window from which Glintie used to watch for him. It was a lonely sight.

"One evening at sunset, as I was coming down from a friend's house up on the hill, a little way out of the village, I noticed McGregor's figure leaning over the gate as usual. He was muttering to himself. I went up to him and touched him on the arm. He faced around :

"'Parson, I know ye mean well, but God has dealt sair with Thomas McGregor. My bonny Sunglint gone ! My wife and children gone ! My house vacant by the wayside !' A queer gleam came into his eyes—they rolled a trifle. Suddenly, he pointed out to the west, where the rays of the sun were glinting level over the fields into our eyes, and stretched both arms toward the golden splendour, crying :

"'I see her ! I see her ! I see my Glintie ! Dinna ye see her, parson ? Oh, Glintie, come back to father. I want ye sair !'

"The poor man's reason was gone again.

"But in a moment he seemed himself, and walked quietly home with me. At the door of his boarding-place he turned and said: 'Parson, I must go back to the asylum. I am all right now, but I feel it coming again. I must work hard for money to pay my ticket back. Get me all the work you can.'

"I laughed at him, telling him he would get well, but I felt that he might be telling the truth. He toiled hard at the work we all gave him—for we wanted his mind kept off his troubles—till he had enough money to purchase a ticket back.

"He had gradually grown worse, but strangely enough, persisted in working out just that amount.

"It was an easy thing for him to get a certificate of insanity—of which there was no doubt now—and he went away from among us to the asylum for the last time.

"He is living there now. I have been to see him when in the city. He is quiet, but talks incessantly of Glintie, and says he sees her every evening at sunset.

"That is all his story. That is why I have entered him as 'removed,'" said the elder minister. "Is there any other information I can give you before I go ?"

He rose hesitatingly for the last time from the chair he had occupied so long, and gazed down at it as we gaze at departing ships bearing away our loved ones.

"No, thank you. I shall leave Thomas McGregor as removed," replied the other, gently, as he went to the door with his friend and bade him good-night.

He came in and finished running over the list of members.

As he went slowly upstairs for the night, he thought long and closely about Thomas McGregor. It was a sad story, and had impressed him, and before going to sleep, he determined to see Thomas McGregor the next time he was in town.

The opportunity came the following autumn. In reply to inquiry, the officers of the asylum had written him that McGregor was failing. He had become very much interested in the poor fellow from what the village people had told him concerning him and his devotion to his little daughter, and

he desired to see him, so he was not sorry when he was called to town on business that would take some days for its settlement.

One afternoon of "Visitors' Day," he went out to the asylum and asked to see McGregor, explaining who he was. They admitted him to the comfortable room where he lived. A rough shoe-maker's bench and wooden tools had been given him by his kind-hearted keeper, and little childish boots of cloth lay here and there about the room.

McGregor was lying propped up on the little bed, breathing quietly, with his face to the western sky, waiting for the sunset.

The young minister sat down and tried to think of something suitable to say. He never felt so powerless as when he sat by a sick-bed. Nothing occurred to him except to tell the poor fellow that he was the minister from Porto Bello.

McGregor turned his restless eyes upon him.

"Porto Bello," he said, lingeringly, "is that where they buried Sunglint? Ay! Ay! I see member ye, pastor, though ye be changed a lot to be sure."

Soon the minister left, telling them to send for him if McGregor grew worse before he left the city.

The message came the next evening. When the minister went in, he found the shutters wide open to the west, and McGregor very pale, breathing slowly, looking for the sunset.

"I see her every evenin', sir. I can't touch her, but she smiles her old sweet smile, and shakes her hair out at me in her old sweet way from the sunbeams."

He wandered on in this strain for some time, while the sun westered over and shone in the window;—then, when a shaft of golden light crept silently in, as if from kindly custom, and shone in the poor fellow's face, he half rose from his pillow with a last effort, touched the young minister on the arm, and, with perfect quiet, faintly said, as he stretched both hands to the sunset glory:

"Look, pastor! My ain wee Glintie!"—and father and daughter were together.

The young minister sat in his study. The circuit register was again open before him, and he was writing up the new membership returns, for the year was closing. Half-way down the page he was copying, he came across a familiar name. He put down his pen, and looking out the window at a white house over the fields, with empty windows, was glad Thomas McGregor had died.

So he took his pen and carefully copied out:

"Thomas McGregor — Removed."

Bermuda.

SONNET.

BY MRS. F. MACDONELL HAMMOND.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."

We shall be satisfied when we awake
(From out the sleep that God doth give to His
Beloved) with His likeness! Is not this
Comfort and hope? May we not hence take
Courage in the weak days when errors make
Our earthdust visible—to the foe who is
Alert to sneer—the friend in whom we miss
Approval—and our shamed hearts which ache.

His likeness that in us all fault will hide!
And we to feel what we have never met
On earth, yet far off dimly have descried.

We who want much here and but little get,
Who with a small gain find a great regret,
Ashes in all things taste—*we shall be satisfied!*

—*Montreal.*

THE OLD-TIME SABBATH IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M.

A very fascinating little book is "The Sabbath in Puritan New England," by Alice Morse Earle, giving as it does much information concerning the early religious manners and customs of New England. The Pilgrims had no sooner landed at Plymouth than they arranged for the public observance of the Sabbath, or Lord's Day, as Cotton Mather loved to call it. In 1675, a law was enacted that a meeting-house, they did not call them churches, should be erected in every town in the colony. These first meeting-houses were small and plain enough, built of logs, and often with "only the beaten earth for a floor."

As the colonists grew more numerous and wealthy, they built larger and better. "The second form or type of American church architecture was a square wooden building, usually unpainted, crowned with a truncated pyramidal roof, which was surmounted (if the church could afford such luxury) with a belfry or turret containing a bell."

These meeting-houses were usually built upon some hill-top, and thus they served the double purpose of watch-houses, from which to observe the approach of hostile Indians, and of landmarks for the guidance of lonely travellers. The church-raising was a great occasion, often celebrated with much festivity and drinking of New England rum. When the second Medford meeting-house was raised there were provided for the occasion five barrels of rum, one barrel of good brown sugar, a box of lemons, and two loaves of sugar. As a result of so much toddy, two-thirds of the frame fell and quite a number were injured.

In the earliest meeting-houses, the windows were of oiled paper. The trees in the vicinity of these early churches were cut down for fear of forest fires. Unprotected alike from heat and cold, they were places of torture to the flesh, both in summer and in winter. There were neither curtains nor window-blinds.

In the absence of newspapers, notices, orders, and bills of all sorts were posted upon the meeting-house, while great horse-blocks adorned the green in front. These early houses of worship were seldom painted, such display being regarded as an unwarranted profanation. The pulpits were usually high desks, to which the minister ascended by a narrow flight of stairs. Above his head, suspended upon a slender iron rod, was the inevitable but useless sounding board.

For fear of Indians, the early settlers came armed to meeting, and in some cases the minister preached with his trusty musket by his side. The services were long and tedious, the people being assembled at nine o'clock by the blowing of a horn or conch-shell, and sometimes by the beating of a drum. The seats were narrow, hard and uncomfortable in every way, and no fire was allowed even in the coldest weather, and even the luxury of cushions was unknown.

Seating the meeting, or assigning to each person his or her place, "according to rank and importance," was a matter both delicate and difficult. This was done

by the seating committee, whose decision was final. As among the Quakers, the men and women sat upon separate sides, and entered by separate doors. The tithingman preserved order, waked sleepy hearers, and made the little Puritan boys behave, using "such raps and blows as in his discretion meet."

This official must surely have cut a grotesque figure, with his long staff, heavily knobbed at one end, and with the other end adorned with a long fox-tail or hare's-foot. The knobbed end was used for awaking men who might be asleep, while the fox-tail or hare's-foot was thrust into the face of drowsy women. Comical scenes must have often occurred. An old farmer, worn out with a hard Saturday's work at sheep-washing, fell asleep ere the hour-glass had once been turned. Though he was a man of dignity, for he sat in his own pew, he could not escape the rod of the pragmatical tithingman. Being rudely disturbed, but not wholly awakened, the bewildered sheep-farmer sprung to his feet, seized his astonished and mortified wife by the shoulders, and shook her violently, shouting at the top of his voice, "Haw back! Haw back! Stand still, will ye!"

Women sleepers sometimes, we are told, escaped detection by reason of their "enormous bonnets." "Mr. Whiting doth pleasantlie say from ye pulpit hee doth seeme to be preaching to stacks of straw with men among them." So reads an old Puritan record.

The services were tedious in the extreme, the sermons often running up to "twenty-seventhly" and "twenty-eighthly." Time was marked by an hour-glass, which stood beside or below the pulpit. Sermons often occupied two or three hours in their delivery, and the Rev. Mr. Symmes, of Woburn, Mass., once preached between four and five hours. It is said of the Rev. Urian Oakes that often the hour-glass was turned four times during one of his sermons. The Rev. Dr. Lord, of Norwich, always made a prayer that was one hour long.

So cold was the temperature in their fireless churches that the communion bread and wine were often frozen. Attached to each church were "noon-houses," in which the congregation spent the hour between morning and afternoon service, eating their mid-day lunch, and exchanging their views concerning the sermon, weather, crops, etc. They sang from "The Bay Psalm Book," Sternhold and Hopkins' Version of The Psalms, and from several other quaint and crude attempts at versification, of which the following are fair samples:

"Jael, the Kenite Heber's wife,
'bove women blest shall be:
Above the women in the tent
a blessed one is she,
He water asked: she gave him milk,
him butter forth she fetch'd
In lordly dish: then to the nail
she forth her left hand stretched.

"Her right the workman's hammer held,
and Sisera struck dead;
She pierced and struck his temple
through,
and then smote off his head.
He at her feet bow'd, fell, lay down,
he at her feet bow'd where
He fell: ev'n where he bow'd down
he fell destroyed there."

"Have mercy, Lord, on mee I pray,
for man would mee devour,
He fighteth with me day by day
and troubleth me each hour.

"Why doost withdraw thy hand abacke
and hide it in thy lappe?
O pluck it out and be not slacke
to give thy foes a rap.

"O God, breake thou their teeth at once
within their mouthes throughout;
The tuskes that in their great jawbones
like lions' whelps hang out."

"They are so fed that even for fat
their eyes ofttimes out start."

"Divide them, Lord, & from them pul
their devilish double-tongue."

"And rained down Manna for them to eat
A food of mickle-wonder."

This "scandalous doggrel," as John Wesley called it, was "deaconed," that is, one or two lines were given out at a time, a custom that grew up "because many wanted books and skill to read." The tunes of the earlier colonists were few and simple, such as Oxford, Litchfield, Low Dutch, York, Windsor, Cambridge, St. David's, and Martyrs. Afterwards fugue tunes were introduced, of which a modern poet has said :

"A fugue let loose cheers up the place,
With base and tenor, alto, air,
The parts strike in with measured grace,
And something sweet is everywhere.

"As if some warbling brood should build
Of bits of tunes a singing nest ;
Each bringing that with which it thrilled
And weaving it with all the rest."

For a long time all instruments of music were strictly prohibited, and only after long strife and bitter opposition did the bass-viol find a place in public worship. One minister announced in scorn, "We will now sing and fiddle the forty-fifth Psalm ; and another, Mr. Brown, of Westerly, sadly deplored that, "now we have only catgut and resin religion."

The Sabbath was kept with extreme severity. Captain Kemble, of Boston, was, in 1756, placed for two hours in the public stocks for his "lewd and unseemly behaviour," said "behaviour" being the kissing of his wife "publicquely," on the Sabbath, upon the door-step of his house, when he had just returned after a voyage of three years.

In 1659, Sam Clarke, for "Hankering about on men's gates on Sabbath evening, to draw company out to him," was reproved and warned. "No work, no play, no idle strolling was known ; no sign of human life or motion was seen except the necessary care of the patient cattle and other dumb beasts, the orderly and quiet going to and from the meeting, and at the nooning, a visit to the churchyard to stand by the side of the silent dead !"

The authority of the ministers, and the respect shown to them, was a very remarkable feature of the Primitive New England days. A New Haven man was fined and whipped for saying that he received no profit from the minister's sermons. Pious, learned, grave and quaint were those old-time Puritan clergymen. Yet were they but human, and often exhibited the follies and frailties of other men. On festive occasions, they could make merry, and it being before the days of the much-needed temperance reform, drink their full share of cider and New England rum. It is recorded of Rev. Samuel Whiting, of Lynn, that "once coming upon a gay partie of yong people, he kist all ye maids and said yt he felt all the better for it."

In the pulpit, the Puritan ministers often selected quaint texts and themes. One Rev. Mr. Turell, having married a beautiful brunette, preached from the words, "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem." Another announced for his text, "My servant lieth at home sick," which was literally true. Dr. Mather Byles expected on a certain occasion a brother minister named Prince, to preach for him, and as the clergyman failed to appear, was compelled to occupy the pulpit himself, which he did, announcing as his text, "Put not your trust in princes."

A strange custom prevailed, namely, that when a bride appeared in church for the first time she had

the privilege of previously selecting the text from which the minister was to preach. John Physick and Mary Prescott were married at Portland, July 4th, and the bride chose for her pastor, Rev. Mr. Doane, the words, "Mary hath chosen that good part." Quaint and picturesque were "ye olden days," and fondly we read of the lives and times of our old Puritan ancestors. May we emulate their courage and fidelity, avoiding their bigotry and narrowness.

Spring Valley, N.Y.

THE CONQUERED.

BY W. W. STORY.

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,—
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flowers on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at; who stood, at the dying of day,
With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With death sweeping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæan for those who have won—
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant; and, high to the breeze and the sun,
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors—I stand on the field of defeat
In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen, and wounded, and dying—and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, "They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;

"Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight,—if needs be to die."
Speak, history; who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say—
Are they those whom the world calls the victors, who won the success of the day?
The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

BOND OF BROTHERHOOD.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantaneous throe,
Where the travail of the ages wrings earth's systems to and fro;
At the birth of each new era, with a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks to nation, standing with mute lips apart,
And glad truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the future's heart.

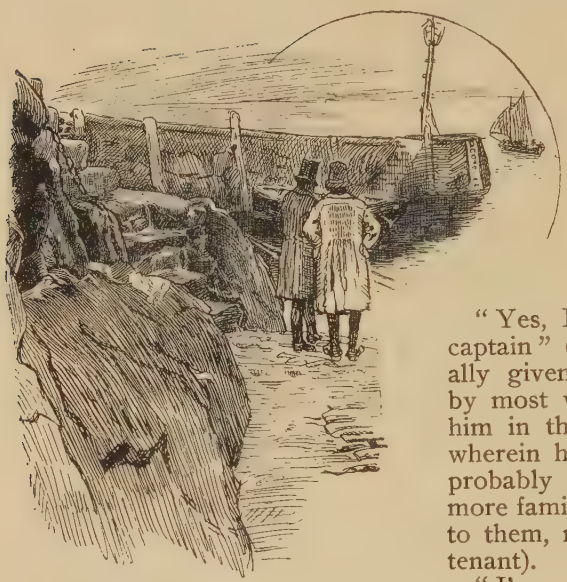
So the evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense of coming ill,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his sympathies with God
In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up by the sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving in the nobler clod.

—*Lowell.*

THE HAND ON THE HELM.

A STORY OF IRISH METHODISM.

BY FREDERICK A. TROTTER.



TWO FIGURES EMERGED FROM THE SHADOW OF THE PIER WALL.

CHAPTER V.

RED-BRANCH KNIGHTS.

The long-boat of the revenue cruiser rocks at the pier of Ballydohoney, as the summer night begins to fall. The purple sky reflected in the sleeping waters, darkens all the sea. The night clouds are rapidly gathering in the west, shutting out the last traces of the glories flung broadcast by the recent sunset.

"It will soon be black as a wolf's mouth," the boatswain says, and he is universally admitted to be as infallible a weather judge as any man can hope to be who must needs prophesy before the event.

Adown the pier step, hastily, yet with due order, each in his appointed place shouldering his oar, march the crew, followed by Lieutenant Crosbie and young Denis O'Sullivan, forming the members of this mysterious expedition about to launch upon the deep at this untoward hour.

"Yes, I've no doubt he's mad, captain" (brevet rank was generally given to Lieutenant Crosbie by most who had dealings with him in the out-of-the-way village wherein his present lot was cast; probably because captain was a more familiar designation than the, to them, new-fangled title of lieutenant).

"I've no doubt he's mad, any one to hear his queer talk the other night at Duncroskery would know that. All about the fear ov death and hell, and about knowin' God, as if the Almighty were a Person near to us, and not up in Heaven. Ravin' I'd call it, for I niver heard anything like it in all my life. But, captain, the poor fellow's not a bit violent or dangerous; what do you want wid all these men? Fourteen men seems to me a big lot to bring to catch one poor lunatic. Well, captain, anyway you'll not hurt the poor fellow, sure afthur all it's out o' his mind he is, and no criminal at all at all. Besides, he lived on my uncle's farm for many a long day, and as long as I can remember anything, I mind poor O'Hannigan; an' a dacent, useful, quiet chap he was."

"Niver fear, Denis, we'll be tender with him. He was not

violent when you saw him last, I dare say ; but by all accounts he's bad enough now, and it's best to be prepared for any emergency. True enough we have what you may think a lot o' men with us ; but did you niver hear that a lunatic has the strength o' ten men, so that fourteen only leaves four over being an even match for him? We must make sure of this poor fellow or he'll make mischief. It's fully time he was under lock and key in Marketown Asylum."

The duties of the revenue officers in Ireland during the days of which we write, were very miscellaneous, as in some parts they were the sole representatives of the Government within a radius of many miles. It was nothing extraordinary therefore, in Denis' eyes, that they should be commissioned to look after a wandering and dangerous lunatic in the interests of the general public.

The boat was soon pushed gently out from the sheltered harbour, and as the eyes of those on board began to get accustomed to the gloom, they could see the village—a mere collection of cabins it looked from the sea—dwarfed into puny insignificance by contrast with the colossal hugeness of Mount Phadrig, which formed the back-ground of the striking landscape.

No sooner had the splash of the oars died away in the distance, than two figures might have been seen emerging from behind the shadow of the pier wall. One, by his skulking gait and hang-dog air, easily recognized as our old friend, Larry M'Loughlin. The other appeared, as far as could be ascertained in this dim light, to be a man of the type of the ordinary village shop-keeper, decently clothed, and generally respectable-looking.

" There," hissed Larry, " did you see who was the pilot ? Would ye ha' believed it ? Eh ?"

" Larry, I could not have believed it, if I hadn't seen it wid my own eyes. And yit 'tis many a quare story I heard ov late ov Masthur Denis. 'Tisn't in his blood, anyway, to be an informer."

" All the worse thin for him, to bring disgrace on an honest name; but now who'll we send word by to Spillane, to put him on his guard ?"

"No man bethur for the job than yourself, Larry."

The speaker, known in public as the principal baker in the village, is no other than the recognized head of that secret organization, which, under different names and disguises, had for successive generations wielded so great a power in Irish political and social life. It is no exaggeration to say that its decrees were more dreaded, and were carried out much more effectively than those of the British Government. To be an informer was to earn the deadliest hate of every Irishman who owns the sway of this secret association. To give information to the authorities which would convict any man, even the most atrocious criminal, was to be a traitor in the eyes of every true patriot whose political creed was summed up in unreasoning hostility to England and everything English. But to hand over poor smugglers to the law, was a double-dyed iniquity in the code of this simple people, who had always viewed the dealer in contraband as a hero, who braves the unjust laws of a tyrannical conquering race, and who runs many risks of storms, British gunboats, and revenue officers, for the disinterested purpose of supplying the honest peasant with the necessaries of life, such as tea, spirits, and tobacco, at a reasonable rate.

There were not only hireling

desperadoes to be had, who, for a trifle, would think no more of shooting Denis, from behind a hedge, than they would of taking their ordinary mid-day meal ; but there were not wanting many who would do the same job out of a pure sense of public duty, and deem it praiseworthy, too ; not to speak of the outraged smugglers themselves, from amongst whose ranks it would be strange indeed if no avenger would arise.

It will be seen, therefore, that Denis, all unknowingly, was going swiftly into perilous waters, as he steers so skilfully the Seagull on her mysterious mission to the Eddies.

Larry willingly accepted the commission thrust upon him by the chief Ribbon-man, to whom, by the stern laws of the secret society to which they both belonged, he was bound to render unquestioning obedience. He started, therefore, ostensibly to obey his superior, after that functionary had delivered himself of his last instructions.

"See," said the baker, "your shortest way is across the fields. Lave the shore to your lift, an' make fur Mahony's Gap. You'll be there before thim, if you run fast. Tip the Crusoes * the wink, and we'll out-wit the captain and the gaugers yet,—and Masthur Denis," he added, in sad tones enough, "shame it is that one ov the blood of the O'Sullivans should play so dirty a trick. 'Tis hard, too, to give the poor lad the big sentence. If thim Crusoes git off, 'tis enough that he be made to join us, and we have him thin, body an' sowl, for the remainder o' his life. Only on that condition," said he to himself, more than to Larry, "will we spare him.' "

"Aye," said the other, with an evil look in his eyes, "an' have him playin' traitor agin ? The lad that has done it wanst can do it agin', if he gits the chance. The man that favours an informer gits no marcy from the order either," he added with a leer.

"I'm afeared, dacent man, you'd be only gittin' yourself in a fix, if you'd go votin' that way at the meetin'."

With a sigh, the other, who was not naturally a hard-hearted man, grieved and sick at heart for this sudden dilemma in which he found himself, turned and looked long and thoughtfully seaward. Then turning quickly, he cried : "Be off ; maybe it'll be all right yit ! The society won't be too hard on him if the gang escapes. All dipinds on you, Larry. I must go back to the meetin' an' report."

"Troth ! if it dipinds on me," said Larry, as he disappeared over the ditch into the fields, "it's as good as settled. My fine Masthur Denis, your coorse is run. Every dog has his day, an' yours is nearly over by this time, my lad. I'm off to lade the land forces," he continued, as hiding for a few minutes behind a hedge, he proceeded to disguise himself so thoroughly by means of lamp black applied to his face, and other devices, such as changing his "caubeen" of a hat for a decent semi-military cap, turning his coat outside in, etc. "'Tis you, Denis, has the post ov danger, an' honour, too. Begorra, I don't grudge it to ye, surely, for haven't I the aisy post, an' the well-paid one, too ? 'Tis meself 'll take precious good care I won't show my nose ; but you, you fool, are goin' ramstam into the trap." And here he laughed loudly, as though the notion tickled him immensely.

"Troth," he continued, "a rabbit that hadn't cut its wisdom teeth wud have more sinse nor to walk

* Crusoes, local slang for smugglers.

intil a snare wid its eyes open that way. Your reward, poor Denis, will be an ounce ov lead, I dare say. I shouldn't wonder if mine tuck the form o' the captain's gould. As good as anybody else's, too, whin all's said an' done; the captain's not the man to split on a poor boy, either."

Cautiously Larry scrambled over crag, and crept under hedge, steadily onward on his message of revenge, while swiftly sped the Seagull, by her more circuitous route, to the same goal.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CRUSOES CONFOUNDED.

The Seagull is now drawing near to her destination. The fresh nor'-westerly breeze has brought her about midnight into the narrow sound between two of the more important islands, or rocks, known as the Hogsheads. The water runs fast in the narrow channel, and at its rise and fall alternately hides and discovers the heads of sunken rocks, from which float the long streamers of seaweed, stretching in tangled masses, horribly suggestive of the hair of drowned women stretched out upon the waves.

But no such fancies trouble the minds of the sturdy seamen, who, bending to their oars, make the gallant boat fly over the waves; their thoughts are too intent upon the exciting business on hand.

They have had to lower their sail for two reasons: first, because it would necessarily, by its whiteness, be a conspicuous object on the sea, and frustrate their object by giving the smugglers warning; and secondly, because the looming mass of the rocky Shanvaght has so completely sheltered them from the breeze that they are practically becalmed under its shadow.

As they get free from the treacherous channel through which they have been winding for the last hour, and approach more nearly to the mountainous shore, they can descry gloomy patches of deeper blackness upon the dark sides of the hill. These they know to be the caves, haunted by seabirds, the rendezvous of the smugglers, inaccessible from the land except by dangerous paths, known only to the contraband adventurers and their trusty cronies.

"Great doubling and twisting you have here, Denis," said the lieutenant to his young comrade, as they slowly made their way at last through the tortuous passages out into the wide stretch of Shanvaght Bay. "It's a wonderfully intricate channel. I'm glad I got your help, my lad, for I don't know what I would have done else. Larry M'Loughlin bein' sick," he added. "You see, there's not another soul I could trust except the Shanvar to bring me safe through, and, you know, he'd as soon be seen in company with the 'Old Boy' as with me."

"True enough, sir," replied Denis; "but I'd do more than that for yourself, sir, in the way of steerin' you any fine night to the Eddies for seal-shootin', let alone the erran' of mercy we're on tonight. Poor O'Hannigan; 'tis sorry I am for him, sir, and I hope we'll be able to lay hold on him fair and aisy, widout any fightin' or strugglin'. I'd be mighty sorry to see the poor fellow hurt, for he was always a dacent poor fellow before this trouble came on him. But look! sir, look! What's that there in the mouth of the cave? He's got hold of a boat, too; as sure as death he's in there! Did you not see the movement of some dark object in the cave? And

there's a long yawl there, full of a cargo, too, of some kind. See, there's another man."

At this moment there was a rush made from the cave which Denis had been watching so intently. Two or three figures seemed to make hurriedly for the boat, which was lying in the shadow, who were quickly followed by half a dozen more, apparently armed with various weapons, caught up hurriedly.

"Bend to the oars, lads!" shouted Lieutenant Crosbie to his crew, who, now all excitement, put such energy into each vigorous stroke as sends the Seagull bounding over the intervening space with a headlong speed, as of a charger rushing to the battle.

"They'll get the boat afloat, and give us the slip, if you're not quick. Bowling, go to the bows, and be ready to pick off the man at the rudder if they attempt to launch the yawl." Then, turning to the little knot of smugglers on the shore, the lieutenant shouted: "Surrender, in the king's name."

There was no answer to this demand. The smugglers had evidently scanned hurriedly the crew of the approaching boat, and perceiving that their own numbers were nearly double those of the attacking force, determined to show fight.

A few more rapid strokes of the oars and the Seagull was grounded. To leap ashore and draw their weapons was, to the lieutenant and his crew, but the work of an instant.

They were soon closely engaged with the smugglers, and seemed to be getting the worst of it, too.

* * * *

Before Denis could realize the nature and import of the scene in which he now found himself, he sat for a few moments' space like one dazed. Was he in a dream? He had steered his friend the lieutenant, to a lunatic, as he supposed, and, lo, here were what appeared to be fully two dozen mad men, fighting like so many demons.

All at once it flashed upon him that he had been deceived. The true nature of the work on hand was clear to his mind now, for he recognized the voices of some known to him as notorious smugglers.

It was cruel, cruel of the lieutenant to have lured him thus to his ruin under the pretext of asking his aid in performing a deed of humanity.

During those few seconds he realized fully what all this meant to him, and his blood boiled at the thought. He well knew that there could be no mercy expected by an informer, in which character henceforth he must be known in his native village. Despite all his horror of the position in which he finds himself, and his entire innocence of any traitorous purpose, appearances against him were too damning to leave him any ground of hope that his version of the affair would ever be credited by a single unbiased hearer.

He cursed the lieutenant in his heart, and bitterly denounced his own folly in trusting one with whom he might have known he could have no purpose in common.

He could not make allowance for the standpoint from which the other viewed the matter, nor did he realize that His Majesty's officer had but a faint conception of the terrible consequences that must follow as punishment for the act into which he had inveigled Denis. Fresh from England, where the law is respected, and where he who aids it against the lawless is honoured instead of being denounced and hounded to death, Lieutenant Crosbie had no con-

ception of the fearful position into which he had inveigled his young acquaintance.

Of course he was well aware that there was a strong force of public opinion arrayed against the informer, sufficient to make it necessary for him to employ a ruse to secure the services of Denis, instead of plainly telling him the object of his expedition.

But, then, he fully believed that the young fellow's good character and popularity would suffer but a partial eclipse, and that he would be placed under no severer penalty than the occasional jeer at market or fair, and the scorn of a few of his most disaffected companions.

But what were these trifling drawbacks and disabilities which Denis should endure compared with the great advantage gained to His Majesty's Government by the triumphant capture of the most daring and successful gang of smugglers in the south-west of Ireland ?

So the lieutenant argued, and so tried to justify his conduct ; but it is doubtful if even such motives, plausible though they were, would have prevailed upon him to play the part he did, had he not another and, to him, stronger reason for deceiving the young man.

Although neither Denis nor the Shanvar suspected it, Lieutenant Crosbie was well aware that Denis had given the warning to the O'Regans, which led to their complete frustration of justice and victory over the officers of the law, as narrated in our first chapter.

The humiliation Lieutenant Crosbie endured on that occasion had entered deeply into his soul, and though he masked his feelings for a time, he was not unwilling, when the opportunity was afforded him, of paying Master Denis off in his own coin. He thought that the chance was given him when Larry suggested to him to secure, by a subterfuge, the services of Denis as guide to the haunts of the smugglers.

And he was right in expecting thus to be quits with Denis. He was about to wreak a vengeance more fell and deadly than he had ever dreamed of, or would at all have desired to overtake the young man.

* * * *

Raging with uncontrollable fury, Denis dropped the tiller-ropes and rose from the stern of the boat, where, up till now, he had sat transfixed, like one dumbfounded.

He now fully determined to side with the smugglers. It was his only chance of retrieving his good name amongst those who deemed loyalty to each other as above every other virtue.

As soon, however, as he stood up, two of the ruffians made for him with savage shouts, and he, instinctively grasping an oar in self-defence, compelled to stand up or to die, found himself—oh, cruel fate !—in conflict with those he would willingly have aided. It was of no use shouting explanations at such a moment to so infuriated a crew. His voice was lost in the wild clamour of the fight, and in the noise of the outcry which hailed the appearance of reinforcements of the king's men arriving from the land.

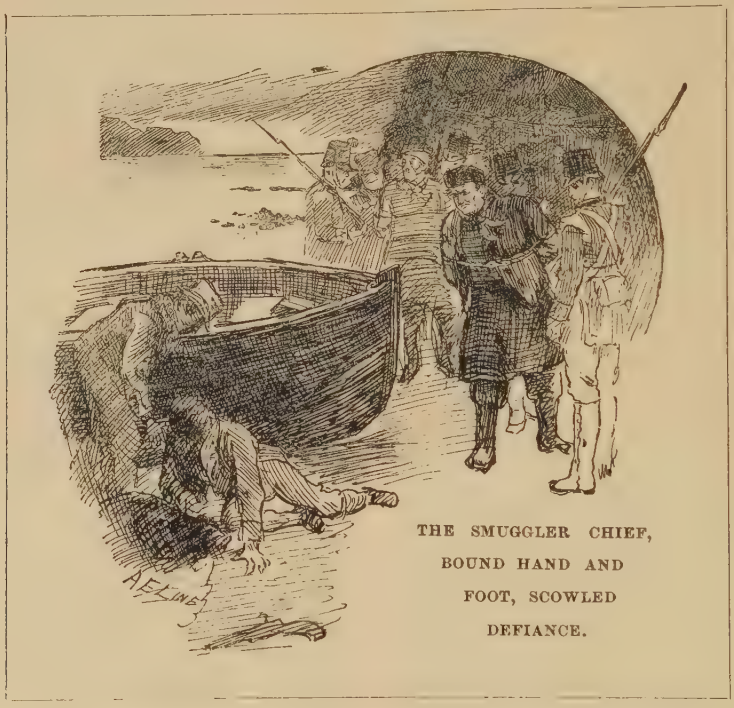
Fortunately for Denis, the two smugglers had already emptied their horse-pistols during the melee, or he would undoubtedly have received the contents of at least one of them. As it was, the smaller of the two fellows, dodging the wild sweep of the oar which Denis wielded, rushed in, and striking him a stunning blow with the butt end of his weapon, felled the young fellow to the earth.

When he slowly recovered consciousness the fight was over, the

revenue men evidently being the victors, for as Denis lay on the sand, part of his body covered by the ebbing tide, right before him he saw Spillane, the smuggler chief, standing between two officers, still scowling defiance, though bound hand and foot. This fellow was a well-known character in those parts. A man of herculean strength and daring.

Lave him, thin, to enjoy the Saxons' goold for awhile, if he can ; but, boys, see that it'll be a short while at best afthur I'm hanged, as I'm sure to be, for my sowl will niver rest, nor be laid, while he walks the earth, or the sowls ov the good men an' thrue shot here loike dogs this night ; thanks to him."

Before the look of this man



THE SMUGGLER CHIEF, BOUND HAND AND FOOT, SCOWLED DEFIANCE.

Spillane no sooner saw Denis than he stepped forward, and, spurning him with his foot, said, in a voice of concentrated rage and hate : " Limb of the devil ! 'tis to you we owe it. Your father's son, Denis O'Sullivan, to betray us to the Sassenach ! May niver peace visit ye, or marcy light on ye." Then, turning to the bystanders, he continued : " Let no honest man iver look at him except to spit at him, nor spake to him except to curse him.

Denis quailed. He shuddered to hear such words ; and even yet he seemed to hear but in a dream, and could not realize that they were applied to him,—to him who had hitherto prided himself on his stainless loyalty to his beloved country.

Up and away ; he must fly, anywhere, to hide his disgrace ! Undeserved, indeed, as it was ; but he felt all the bitterness of detected villany, more deeply even than if he had been a double-dyed criminal.

THE WITNESS OF THE CHURCH IN ITS SOCIAL LIFE.

BY J. TALLMAN PITCHER.

The witness of the church is borne, not alone by the spiritual experience of its members, or by its pulpit utterances, or its published resolutions, but also by its internal social life. The church has always manifested this life, though not always distinctly seen. In our day the social side of the church life is conspicuous, and is worthy of our consideration ; for the social life is a witness, a voice speaking to the world, and which is by some persons more plainly heard than the voice from the pulpit.

As the test of a man's piety is not outward deeds, but rather the motive and spirit from which they spring ; so the true test of the church's social life must be what it means by that side of its life.

We have church bazaars, church socials, church tableaux, church concerts, church "at homes," church kitchens, church paid choirs, and other forms of social life, by some called "the holy grindstone for money." Every Christian is bound by every instinct of honour to inquire for what purpose the church has these things, and what is meant by them. If the motive is mere love of pleasure, then the church forgets and belittles itself, then it merits the bitterest denunciations, whether they come from within or without. The social life of the church is not to be the first object of its thought. It is not the centre about which the activities of the spiritual life revolve. The church that adopts these things merely for feasting and amusement will soon be robbed of its self-respect and power ; that church is already a failure.

Further, are we justified in making the main motive in these things to attract the young people to the services of the church ? We are willing to admit that there may be a germ of real spiritual quality in this endeavour. But consider the moral weakness which that motive hides. It is virtually a confession that there are not in the religion of Christ the qualities necessary to attract and hold the young to the church. Does it not make that impression on the mind of the community where it is known that these things are introduced for that end ? We deceive ourselves if we think the young people will not themselves see through the thin deceit. Many a child has sucked the sugar coating from the pill and secretly rejected the medicine. And if our Christianity is bitter, all the sugar coating of the social entertainment will not permanently induce the young to accept it.

Is it so that the religion which is taught in the pulpit has no music in it, and therefore it must be supplemented with a showy musical performance? Is it so that the Christianity which is presented in the pulpit has no nourishing food for the hungry souls, and so a table must be spread in the church lecture-room ? Must we make the humiliating confession that the Gospel is not sufficient to win and hold the attention of men, and therefore we must resort to external and sensuous attractions ? Where is our faith in the power of the Gospel ? We deserve the

caustic satires which have been written, if the motive of our social practices are a love of pleasure or the expediency of attracting the young to the religion of Christ.

But on the other hand, we may put another meaning into our social acts. The same deeds have different meanings, according as they spring from and are used for different purposes. There is a use of our social acts which is born from a high and noble principle, and which then changes them into a witness for Christ. When the social acts of the church are for the distinctive purpose of showing that social life and spiritual life are not separate or antagonistic, then we witness to a great Christian truth. If we spread our tables to show that there is a real communion of saints, that we have and enjoy fellowship ; to show that the religion of Jesus Christ is not something separate from our real life in this real world, that in order to be Christians we have not to enter a cloister and shut ourselves in from our friends and the pure pleasures of life—then our social witness is most helpful. If the earnest heart of the church yearns to show the young people that true religion is not to suppress life, energy and vivacity, but to guide these to the highest and noblest aim; and that in embracing the religion of Christ, they will be saved from changing God's earthly blessings into means of a vicious or self-indulgent life, then the church is doing God's work.

When we speak of attracting people to a church, there is one fundamental fact which must not be overlooked, namely, that the object of the church is the development of spiritual life, and whenever it sacrifices that object, in order to get people within its walls, it commits spiritual suicide. A theatre is said to be prosperous when it can put up the sign, "Standing room only," but a great congregation is a very slight indication of true prosperity in a church. The success of a physician is not to be measured by the number of his patients, but the number of his cures. If he plays upon the hopes and fears of the public, and has his ante-rooms full of waiting patients, and his pockets full of fees, but heals no one, we call him a quack. But we have quackery in the pulpit and in the church, when the object is not how to bring men to a knowledge of salvation, not how to cure men, but how to get them under a church roof. The object of the Christian religion is to lift men above the worldly and sensuous and to bring them under the dominion of conscience, faith, hope, reverence and love. If the church, instead of drawing men up into that realm where it ought to live, goes down into that where they are apt to live ; if, in other words, it adopts sensuous methods to attract men, it may attract them, but not away from a sensuous life, and whatever apparent gain it may make will be more than counter-balanced by actual spiritual loss.

If a concert on Sunday takes the place of worship and instruction ; or a social is made the attraction in the place of a meeting for devotion, or a bit of brilliant pulpit fireworks is made a substitute for an address to men's consciences and spiritual impulse, it is quite likely people will be drawn,—but to what ? An oyster supper will draw as many people as a prayer-meeting ; a concert as many as a sermon ; a dramatic performance as many as an appeal to men's consciences. But on the whole the restaurant will cook the oysters better than the church, the travelling minstrel company make better

music, and the theatrical company give a better performance than if the church undertakes these.

If in all these instances the object sought is to draw a crowd of people, we had better give the business over to the theatrical and musical companies who make that their business. It is not ours. We have no right to invade their territory. By all means let us have the church social, and invite all ranks and conditions to come and eat with us, that we may show that we believe in a common brotherhood ; let the church have the very best music that human voices and musical instruments can furnish ; let the man in the pulpit use the dramatic gift, if God has so endowed him, if the one supreme aim in all these things be to bring the people to Christ.

Christ ate with publicans and sinners ; in that we have an example for a broad, liberal social life, when we may show his spirit and do his work. The Old Testament throughout is full of the grandest music, and there we have sanction for the best musical service we can furnish. These methods may be employed to spiritual ends. But in their employment we have need of great care to keep in view the spiritual purpose. History shows that more than once the church in its endeavour to capture the world has been captured by the world. And this danger is not passed.

The fact is, and it is a most significant fact, the church has been strongest when it has made least use of those instruments which attract men on the unspiritual side of their nature. The temple at Jerusalem was a magnificent structure, and was magnificently equipped with music, and all that could appeal to the eye and the ear. But the temple service in Christ's day failed to promote spiritual life and devotion among the people, while Christ, with nothing but the blue sky for a roof, and the birds and winds for a choir, though he did not draw such crowds as did the showy ritual of temple service, drew his lesser congregation to God and purity. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, in all its unequalled splendour, drew its audiences from all parts of Asia. But Diana and her great temple are only curious episodes in a well-nigh forgotten past ; while Paul, teaching in that same city, in the humble school of "one Tyrannus," left an enduring impression on the world.

It was not the great cathedrals, with all their equipment, painting and music, and all that appealed to the senses, that conserved spiritual life in the Middle Ages, but the bare-footed friars who preached in the streets and open fields. It was not the Church of England, with her state endowment, and liturgy and surpliced choirs, that Christianized the masses of England, and saved her from the scenes of the French Revolution, but the Puritans, with their austere social life and barn-like meeting-houses ; and the "Consecrated Cobblers," as Sidney Smith termed Mr. Wesley's helpers, who had no church or meeting-house at all, but preached to the miners of Cornwall, and the London roughs, in the market-places, the highways and fields. And no ministry has done more for the civilization, Christianization, and spiritual well-being of the United States and Canada, than those whose library was carried in their saddle-bags, whose music consisted in Charles Wesley's hymns, sung by uncultivated voices, whose cathedral was wherever a half-dozen people could be collected, whether in the early settler's shanty, the log school-house, or the uncut forest.

No one will argue that a barn is the best church, that poor music is more productive of piety, and that all social effort as a witness of Christian fellowship and good-will must be discontinued. But we call history to bear witness to a double truth, that spiritual life, either in the individual or in the church, is almost wholly independent of its instruments, and that the better adapted its instruments are to attract men by their sensuous beauty, the greater the danger that these instruments will attract men away from the spiritual to the sensuous life.

Let the church have its social, with all that good taste, art, and beauty can contribute; with friendly greetings to the stranger, old and new friends; with a warm welcome to the uncultivated, the poor and homeless, as well as to the refined; but the more attractive the social, the more necessity for power in the prayer-meeting. Let the church have the best music it can, but the more artistic the music, the more indispensable that the spirit of every note shall be true praise to God. Let the preacher use all the logic, and rhetoric, and eloquence, and scholarship he can command, but all the more need of the presence of the Holy Spirit to press the truth upon the conscience of the hearers. It is not by rhetoric in the pulpit, nor music in the choir, nor stained glass windows in the church, nor tables in the kitchen, that men can be won to a higher and better life, and the church give her best testimony for Christ; but a spirit of love for and a sympathy with men, that spirit consecrating pulpit, choir, organ, house, social table, and making them all instruments of a spiritual purpose.

Stanstead, Que.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.

God compass thee with favour as a shield,
  Through all the season's changeful days and hours;
The changes be as to some fruitful field,
  Where sun is shaded but for gracious showers;
His favour by the strength to serve and yield,
  As earth serves heaven by yielding fruits and flowers.

If biting frosts come from the bitter north,
  'Tis but to fray the earth to readier mold;
'Neath leaden skies the sower goeth forth,
  And fills the furrows with a wealth of gold;
Though wild winds sweep and howl in threatening wrath,
  The seed-corn sleeps within thy heart—be bold!

There cometh soon a time when storms are still,
  When all the earth is arched with sunny blue,
When thou shalt find the end of good and ill,
  And how through all the harvest ripened grew.
Thy Father is the husbandman; His will
  Is ever good who maketh all things new.

Since blackened roots and shapeless, withered seeds
  By patient skill He brings to fairest flowers;
Since He can meet a whole world's hungry needs
  By sunshine and soft winds and passing showers,
Up to what beauty and what service leads
  His love when we are His and He is ours!

THE ELDER'S SIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PREACHER'S DAUGHTER."

CHAPTER VIII.

Neither is any creature, great or small
Beyond His pity; which embraceth all.
Nor lies the babe nearer the nursing place,
Than Allah's smallest child to Allah's grace.
. . . . . .
Silently Gabriel left
The Presence, and prevented the man's sin.
— *Koran.*

It was about this time that David Grahame had a letter from his son. It came from Australia, where the young man said he was intending to make a large fortune; adding that "he hoped to return to Scotland young enough to use and enjoy it." This letter was a very fine piece of composition, covering many pages of "foreign post," and full of vivid descriptions of his new life in the new world.

Grahame was really very proud of this epistle. He knew that he could not have written anything like it himself, and he thought a great deal of the son who could write it. He read it through to his minister, and to every acquaintance who would tarry to hear it. He took it to the market-dinner, and read to the farmers assembled there what "my son Walter says of sheep-farming in Australia."

So Walter Grahame's letter was generally talked about; and Andrew in course of time heard a great deal here and there of the matter. He longed to ask questions—to hear something of his lost child; but he could not humble himself to make inquiries, and no one named Jeannie, though they told him about a great many other things which Walter had written about.

It seemed to Andrew that every one was purposely and cruelly reticent on the subject. Walter must have mentioned his wife, Andrew was sure of that; and it was part of Grahame's malice to restrain all information about her. Sometimes he feared that she was dead and forgotten; indeed, the deliberate, unbroken silence filled him with suspicions and anxious fears. Ann suggested that "it was likely mistaken kindness on his neighbours' part." She thought that "Jeannie had been mentioned, but that no one was quite sure whether Andrew would like to talk about his daughter or not."

However this or that, it was finally evident to the unhappy man that if Jeannie had been mentioned by Walter Grahame, his father had purposely ignored and omitted that portion of the letter; and it was true, also, that people were talking queerly about this omission. The latter circumstances angered him very much; but he could reach nothing tangible on the matter, until one day he met daft Watty on the moor, and entered into conversation with the "innocent."

"You'll hae heard Walter Grahame's letter read, doubtless, Watty?" inquired Andrew.

Watty made a movement of scornful impatience, as he answered, "I should say I had heard it! I'm thinking I hae heard it a hundred times, or maybe mair than that—a wheen havers! Naething else! A' the king's horses, and a' the king's men, couldna do half that Watty Grahame thinks he is going to do. There's mair daft folk than me in this warld, Maister Carrick."

"Indeed there is, Watty!

Think o'er what he said, and tell me if my daughter Jeannie was named at a'. You were knowing Jeannie Carrick, Watty ?"

"Ay, she was a bonny lass, and she aye had a drink o' milk for a poor daft lad, if he wanted one."

"You remember that she rin awa' with Walter Grahame ?"

"Poor lass ! She was the daft body that time."

"You didna like young Grahame, did you ?"

"He was weel enou'. Some lads worse than him—a few lads better. I'm better mysel'."

"When he wrote this grand letter hame from Australia, did he name Jeannie in it ? Think weel, Watty."

Watty thought a moment or two, and then answered with a pawky leer, "Grahame didna name her. I dinna think that is any sign that she wasna named."

Andrew laughed heartily. "To be sure, Watty !" he said. "To be sure ; that is the 'because.' You hae hit the nail right on the head."

"I maistly do, Maister Carrick."

"Indeed you do hae a kind o' divination that far wiser folks want, Watty."

"And I'm thinking, Maister Carrick, that a gude deal was said aboot your Jeannie. And I'm thinking Walter Grahame was asking his father for siller. The auld man didna say a word anent that part o' the letter either. Mind ! You'll no require to say to ither folk that I told you this, or that. I hae to tak' my toll frae every man, and I canna afford to mak' enemies."

"I'll say nothing, Watty. Not a word to anyone. There's my hand on my promise."

"You might pit a saxpence into it—just to mak' the promise a dead surety, Maister Carrick."

Andrew laid the sixpence in Watty's outstretched hand; and, as he put it in his pouch, the "innocent" said, "I wouldna fret mysel' the way you do, Carrick. Folks a' say that it is an unco pity for a braw man like you to worry yoursel' about what had to be."

"Watty, why do you think that Jeannie and siller were baith named in Walter Grahame's letter to his father ?"

"Ay, ay ! you'll be to hae your saxpence worth o' news, nae doot. Weel, then, I stood near by Grahame gey often, when he was blethering and boasting aboot that letter ; and I saw plain that it had been crossed oot, here and there, wi' a pencil : and I'm maist sure—I dinna say I'm quite sure—but I'm maist sure, the crossing was over Jeannie's name."

"I wouldna wonder, Watty. And what made you think Walter Grahame was asking his father for siller ?"

"There was a wee letter of not mair than five or sax lines after the long letter. And I saw a plain £. s. d. in the wee letter ; but auld Grahame read naething about pounds, shillings, and pence. Not he; but he wouldna gie the name o' money awa' if he could help it. But I saw him look at thae few lines wi' the very same look he has on the face o' him when I—or any ither body—asks siller of him. And somehow I kent that Walter Grahame wanted siller. I dinna ken what told me sae ; but I'm right—sure."

"I have not a doubt, Watty, that you are right, and I'm much obliged to you for telling me. You hae been kinder to me than those that owe me kindness."

"Nae doot ! Folks dinna like to pay what they owe, Carrick. It it a hantel sight easier to give than to pay. I can gie a bawbee to a beggarman mysel', and feel heart glad to do sae ; but I'm aye sick

to death if I hae aught to pay. Whatna for are you angry wi' your bonnie bairn? She just rin awa' wi' the man she liket best."

"She should hae liket the right lad, Watty, and then she needna hae run awa' at all."

"Ay, that's it!" answered Watty, with a puzzled, thoughtful air. "Folks aye like what isn't right. I do mysel'. Hae you seen the blackbird's nest in the thorn-bush ahint your house, Maister Carrick?"

"I'm past minding bird's nests now, Watty."

"I'm gey sorry for you, then. You wouldna be sae downhearted if you wad company a wee with the birds. Thae blackbirds, now, just ahint your house, they are the blithest pair o' foolish birds I ever had ony knowledge o'. Four wee birdies coming all at ance! And where will they get food and feathers for them? They canna tell that, and yet the silly things are that happy and conceited wi' themsel's—he singing, and she twittering and tossing her bonnie head, and baith o' them sure that they hae the only perfect nest in a' the wide warld. It is simply wonderful! wonderful!"

Andrew was thinking of his own rifled nest, and he had no sympathy to spare for Watty's "twa-winged creatures." So Watty wandered away with his sixpence in his hand, and a queer snatch of song on his lips.

However, after all, this poor innocent had given Andrew a drop of comfort. He felt after his talk with him—for he had such confidence in his suppositions regarding Jeannie—that had anyone now said to him that Jeannie was not mentioned in Walter's letter, he would have positively denied the statement, and defied Grahame to prove anything contrary.

But no one ventured to say to Andrew's face what nearly every one said behind his back,—that wherever Jeannie Carrick was, it was mair than likely she wasna wi' Walter Grahame now. She might hae run awa' wi' him, but she hadna stayed wi' him.

The women made Ann feel this opinion; and in some of the many occult ways known to spiteful, envious women, they caused even her true heart sometimes to doubt her sister. In fact, Andrew, in the self-absorption of his own suffering, quite forgot what a very valley of humiliation Ann was treading. Yet he might have understood, if he had considered his daughter, that she now dreaded the Sabbath, once so dear to her heart; that the Way of the Kirk was the Way of the Cross; that she came home after every service either sorrowful to the last point, or flaming with suppressed feeling; that all her old companions had ceased calling upon her; that she got no invitations now to rustic holiday-making or Kirk festivals; that, in fact, though she had done nothing to deserve it, she was gradually becoming as isolated from her kind as he himself was.

It was impossible that the girl should not feel these things very keenly; but yet in the lovely summer weather she fought down her sorrowful or angry consciousness with considerable success. "I hae good company with a clear conscience," she said to herself. And her household duties kept her busy from early to late; besides which, she fancied that her father was more quiet and reasonable. "He was a wise man that sent father to the hills and moors," she thought; "for he is drawing the strength o' them into his ain heart. And I hope he'll be himsel' again ere the winter keeps him at home a' day long."

Undoubtedly Andrew was bet-

ter ; and one of the results of this improvement in his condition was a hunger for the sea. As the fishing season came on, the desire to handle the sails, to pull in the nets, and to face again the strong winds and the great waves, grew daily into an irresistible passion ; and one afternoon he said to Ann, as he hung his gun over the mantel-piece,—

" I hae come hame sooner than my ordinary, Ann. I am going down to the cottages, to see if there is e'er a man there that will hae me to the fishing wi' him."

" They will any of them be glad of your help, father; for they are well acquaint with your 'fish sense' and your strong right hand. I'll have a drink of tea in ten minutes for you, and you can wash your face and comb your hair while it is making." For Andrew had fallen off very much from the sturdy, cleanly simplicity which had ever marked his personal appearance ; and Ann feared his careless dress might make old acquaintances thing less favourably of him than they ought to think.

So Andrew dressed a little and drank his tea, and, full of a fresh hope, walked briskly down toward the shingle. Just before he reached the cottages he met a young lad whom he had befriended several times ; and being a little out of breath, and perhaps also a little uncertain and nervous, he sat down on a rock beside him.

" Weel, Johnnie," he said, "how goes the warld wi' you these days ?"

"Not sae badly, Maister Carrick —but I'm not for changes, and there's mair coming than I like."

" Are you going awa', Johnnie?"

"Ay, I am. Mair folks than me going, I'm sorry to say."

" Whar are you going to, Johnnie ?"

" Port Braddon, Maister Carrick."

" That isna far awa'. I'll be seeing you there if you want to see me."

" Ay, that's sae."

" Have you got work, Johnnie?"

" I'll just bide wi' Thomas Trool."

" Then Trool is going to Port Braddon, too ?"

" Ay—and others likewise."

" How many mair ?"

" Every man, woman, and bairn, Maister Carrick. I was coming up to the Lone House to gie you an inkling o' what was going on, —for you hae been gude to baith my poor mither and mysel',—and then I saw you coming down, so I said to mysel', ' Maister Carrick is knowin' aboot the change.' "

" I know naething. Nae one has told me o' any change. If you know aught, you might tell me, Johnnie Morrison. It wad only be kind."

" Ay, I'll tell you. There was a meeting at Peter Lochrigg's last night, and a' the men said they wad call on you come Saturday night, and tell you the ' why ' they are going to move into Port Braddon. They hae plenty o' reasons ready, Maister Carrick."

" Nae doubt; nae doubt. When did an unkind deed want plenty o' reasons ? Weel, Johnnie, I'm obliged to you, lad, for giving me a bit o' time to prepare mysel'."

"You'll say naught o' me, if you please, Maister Carrick. It is Peter Lochrigg that will speak to you, and I'll get my reproofs if it is heard tell of, that I said either this or that anent the flitting."

" I'll get you, nor none, into trouble, Johnnie. That is not my way—is it ?"

" They wad be liars that said it was, sir,—and I hope you willna think hard o' me, sir. You ken I'm just naebody—but I like you weel, Maister Carrick. Dinna lay ony o' the move to me, sir. Dinna blame me, Maister Carrick. I'm

keeping mind o' your kindness. Dinna blame me."

"I'll blame naebody, Johnnie. Folks can do no mair than they are let do." Then he turned his back to the sea and the cottages, and walked very slowly up the cliff.

Ann was in the byre when he reached his home, and he felt glad of the reprieve ; just for a little it would be hard to talk on the subject, even to Ann. That the cottages at Carrick's should all be left empty and deserted was like destroying the very foundations of his life. He was so stunned by the news, that he could not at once realize what had come to him.

And that very night, while his heart was still quaking and trembling from this great shock, there came at last—at last—a letter from Jeannie. In a quiver of excitement Ann carried it to him. His dark face flushed crimson ; his hands trembled ; he opened it with a hurry that was almost unnatural in a man of his slow, deliberate methods. Ann stood watching him as he read it. She waited with the greatest anxiety for whatever news it contained. She was shocked to see him, after a hasty reading, fling it down upon the table in a rage.

"What is it, father ? Is Jeannie a' right ? Will you not speak ?"

"Read for yoursel'."

Ann read the letter, and then, sitting down with a still wrath, said not one word. It was indeed a very provoking letter—a letter which only a complacent, thoughtless selfishness could have written. And it had come in an evil hour. Jeannie said "she was so happy," and "Walter was so good" and "so clever," and Australia had been made specially for them. Its climate, its society, its freedom, its riches, were so much better than anything to be found in "poor Scotland." And "Walter would soon be a rich man, if all went as they expected." And "she had a bonnie girl bairn, and had called it Margaret for her mother." And "she hoped Jock Simpson came quickly with her letter, because she did not want them to have more anxiety than she could help." "Walter had given him half a crown to hurry, and was not that good of Walter ?"

There was no word of sorrow, no sense of any wrong done. She said Walter had written a while ago to his father, and she hoped there was now no ill-will between Walter's family and her own, either anent Kirk or any other matters. It was so much better for families to dwell in peace. And did her Cousin Cosmo open the kirk, and would Ann tell her about the silver service ? And this and that of pure selfish happiness, without one thought for the shame and sorrow she had brought upon her sister and her father.

The foolish woman had really meant to please and conciliate her father ; and she made the mistake all selfish people make,—she was sure that the things which pleased her must be equally pleasant to everyone else. But Andrew felt her flourishing happiness and her little flings at "poor old Scotland" to be an insult to the misery which she had brought upon her own people and her own home.

The unfortunate letter lay on the table for an hour, then Ann lifted it and made as if she would take it to her own room. Andrew stretched out his hand, and said with passion,—

"Give me that letter, Ann !"

She gave it to him without a word.

And he cast it into the glowing embers, and watched it disappear in smoke and flame.

"You shouldn't have done that, father. Your ain bairn wrote the words."

"The mair shame and wrong, then."

He felt, indeed, at that hour that he could forgive Lochrigg and his fellows, the minister and the elders—yea, even Grahame himself,—more easily than this serpent daughter, who had crept into his heart to poison his whole life.

He laid upon Jeannie then all the sin and sorrow which had made a shadow between him and his Maker. But for Jeannie's folly and selfish indulgence he might yet be honoured among men and beloved of Heaven. But for Jeannie, he might yet be singing at his last. But for Jeannie, he might be happy among his mates in the fishing fleet. Jeannie had driven him from the kirk and the market-place. Jeannie had made her innocent sister to be ashamed in any gathering of the lassies of her own age. Jeannie had been a canker in his gold also. Jeannie had separated him from his oldest friends.

Because of Jeannie's wickedness and deception he had quarrelled with Peter Lochrigg ; and now, in consequence, the cottages which had been his pride and his living would in a few months be left desolate—monuments of a broken tie, which nothing could ever heal.

And she was "so happy !" And "dear Walter" was so prosperous! And Australia was "so grand !" And "poor old Scotland" was "so far behind !" And "she hoped Grahame and her father were good friends" ! His oldest and deepest feelings were to be put aside because of her "dear Walter." How could a just Providence permit such a wrong ?

All these things he said at length, and with a dour anger, to Ann. And she could make but little defence for her sister. What, indeed, could be said, except that "Jeannie loved Walter, and that whiles true love couldna be reasoned with" ?

Then Andrew pointed out that it was not a true love, but a false one. "When I bade you baith, yonder night, to hae naething to do wi' Walter Grahame, neither o' you had thought o' loving the lad. If one was mair in danger than the other, it was you, Ann Carrick. But you put my commands—knowing that I had just reasons for them—before your ain will and wish, and Walter Grahame's love ne'er troubled your heart, or spoiled your meat, or hindered your work. If your sister had done as you did, she would ne'er have cared which road Walter Grahame went or came, and all the misery that has followed her disobedience and false love would have been spared baith o' us."

"She is happy, anyway, father."

"I dinna believe it. She will eat the bread she brewed from such bitter yeast yet. When that day comes, God help her !"

This kind of conversation, continued for hours, filled the heart of the wronged and incensed father with a silent, stern anger, such as Ann had never seen in him before. His face was terrible. His very immobility prefigured an interior rage which could not find any adequate outward manifestation.

When it was near midnight Ann was weary to bear any more, and she rose and locked the doors, and covered the fire. Andrew sat silent and motionless as she moved softly about. When she stood before him with her night candle in her hand, and said, "God be with you this night, father," he suddenly rallied, and, looking steadily at her for a moment, said,—

"You'll bring me the Bible, Ann."

"I'll be right glad to do that, father."

"And the ink-horn, and a pen."

She brought them alsó. But ere she put them on the table, she asked,—

"What for do you want the pen and the ink-horn, father?"

"I want it to cross out the name of ane wha has nae langer part nor lot in my heart or house."

"Jeannie's name?"

"Ay! Gie me the pen."

"Are you going to cross Jeannie's name out o' God's Holy Book?"

"Just that! Gie me the pen."

"I'll not do it, father! No! I'll never do it."

"Gie me the pen, I tell you."

"What will all the dead and gone Carricks, whose names stood before Jeannie's name, say?"

"They will say—I have done right."

"What will mother say?"

"Gie me the pen."

"No, father! I canna give it to you! You shall not defile your soul, nor even your hands, with such a like sin! Give me the Holy Book. To-night you arena fit to touch the cover of it."

"How daur you speak to me, wha am your father, in that way? How daur you? Do you ken wha you are talking to? Wha you are disobeying?"

"Father! I never disobeyed you in anything before this. Reasonable or unreasonable, your words have aye been a law to me. But I will not let you cross Jeannie's name out of the Bible. I'll not do it! It would be a sin worse than murder!"

"Gie me the pen and ink. Do as I bid you."

She dashed the bottle upon the spotless floor, and pointed to the great black splash. "It is better there than on your soul, father."

"Sae you have turned against me, too!"

She fell upon her knees at his side, and laying her head against his breast, she sobbed with a heart-broken passion that terrified and finally quieted him. Her grief seemed greater than his own. He could not help being touched by her despairing anguish. He soothed her with tender words, and, rising to his feet, he lifted her up, saying,—

"Go to your sleep, my dear bairn. I'll spare the name—for your sake."

Then he went to his room and locked the door.

Ann sank, sick and trembling, into the chair her father had vacated. It was some time before she could gather strength and composure for any further effort. She had exhausted feeling; she had almost exhausted thought. For ten minutes she sat completely passive, with her head thrown back against the chair, and her hands dropped upon her lap. She was terrified at her own daring, and prostrated by her victory.

Her first action was to open the Bible at those leaves between the Testaments which contained the family register for nearly two hundred years. Such a long list of Carricks, male and female! And Jeannie's name was last. She looked at it until the tears dropped upon the letters. She softly touched it. Then, with a prayer in her heart, she stooped and kissed it. And as she reverently laid the book in its proper place, she said with whispered, but intense emotion,—

"O mother! mother! For your dear sake, as well as for Jeannie's sake, I will spend my heart's blood ere I will see the name so dear to us both blotted out!"

CHAPTER IX.

Show me the way that leadeth unto Thee ;
Though it be difficult, Thou art all might ;
Though it be all dark, Thou art the Living Light.

Andrew was singularly quiet next day. But Ann's heart ached for him. He walked up and down, muttering, "Would God but gie me sleep ! Would God but gie me sleep ! But that he gie's only to his beloved. Wae's me! Wae's me !"

The man was breaking fast, and the desertion of the cottages was like a coup de grace. But the iron thews and nerves of steel by which he was encompassed made the struggle a long and frightful one. And his sufferings, both mental and physical, were so evident and extreme, that it was painful to be a witness to them.

On the next Saturday night Peter Lochrigg came up to the Lone House to tell Carrick of the intention of the colony to remove into Port Braddon. Peter had promised himself to say some very plain truths to Andrew. But when the two men met, Peter was dumb before his old friend. For Andrew's haggardness was extreme ; and the sorrowful watching of the night seasons had left such a haunted, seeking, reproachful look in his dark grey eyes, that Peter dropped his own before it. He could not say one hard word to Andrew.

Indeed, he speedily began to excuse himself and others for the intended removal. He said,—

"Ye see, Carrick, we are naturally sorry to leave our auld hames ; but times have changed, and we be to change wi' them, or else go to the wall. Ye ken yourself that the harbour is gey hard to make in bad weather, and that the new quay at Port Braddon is a vera great temptation. We can land our feesh at their best market; and that will spare baith oor wives and oursel's many a weary tramp."

"I ken a' that, Peter. Ye hae the right to look to your ain interest, of coorse."

"We have, Carrick. Then ye ken as weel as I do that there isna a place a body can buy a loaf o' bread, or a paper of pins or needles, near by. The women-folk will find the shops a vera great convenience."

"Ay ! and the men-folk will find them a vera great expense, or I am much mista'en."

"That is like enou'. Forbye, ye ken we are a kirk-going people; and we sall be thankfu', indeed, baith in the heat o' the summer, and in the storm o' the winter, to hae the kirk at oor doorstones, as it were. Many a profitable occasion we hae missed for the weather or the distance. It is a great joy to us a' to think of the Sabbath-day privileges."

Andrew listened, but as one who heard not.

"I was speaking to the minister anent the change," continued Peter, "and he thought it ought to hae been made lang syne. I said it wad hae been made lang syne if we had not had a Carrick for oor landlord."

"Thank you, Peter ! A kind word is a strange thing to me. It maist breaks me up."

"We sall never forget you, Carrick. There has been gude days atween us. We hope you willna tak' oor moving to heart."

"Ay, it hurts me, Peter ! But it is only ane mair hurt. Every ane must do the best they can for their ain side. When the bridge is passed, what need to praise it ? There's nae harm whar nane is meant."

Andrew's hopeless look and sad, monotonous voice went perforce to Peter's heart, and he said in a tone of kind entreaty,—

"Maybe, Carrick, you wad feel like going with the boats an orra time. I'll be glad to hae you wi' me. I'm sorry to see you looking sae little like yoursel'."

"I'll not go, Peter. I wad only be a Jonah in the boats, and I wad be loath to bring ill-luck to any o' you. But I'm thankfu' for the offer."

He turned sadly away, leaving the money Peter had brought upon the table. This indifference to the siller touched Peter more than words. He knew that Andrew Carrick must indeed be in a maze of grief when he forgot his money. He had pleased himself with the thought of the mortification and loss he was bringing to the Lone House; and he went away from it ashamed of his animosity, and feeling something very like reverence for a man in such deep and manifest trouble.

After this there were many days in which Andrew ceased to struggle. He had nearly reached that saddest of all spiritual conditions —the hopeless apathy of a soul subjugated by despair.

One morning in July—a hot, dry morning—he went very early to the hills. Not far from the house there was a large flat rock raised on natural boulders, about as high as an ordinary table. It had often been used for preaching and sacramental purposes by the Covenanting congregations, and it was still known as the Martys' Stone.

It was Andrew's favourite resort. When the sun was high, he lay among the brackens beneath it. When it was cool and pleasant, he sat beside it, watching the sea and the boats, or the high road running past his own house.

This day he went directly there, and Ann saw him at intervals all the morning in the vicinity. About mid-afternoon there were signs of a storm. The air was tenuous, the heat oppressive, the sea black and motionless. She looked anxiously toward the stone, and saw her father begin to descend the hill. There were already large drops of rain, and the sough of a coming storm. The cattle were coming lowing home, and she went and opened the byre for them. Ere she had finished this task the air was black with rain. "Father will be wetted through ere he wins hame," she thought; and she hastened to lay ready some dry clothing, and to build up the fire, and hang the kettle over it.

In the meantime Andrew had nearly reached the road, when he heard the sound of a galloping horse. The traveller came on at full speed, with his plaid folded tight around him, his bonnet drawn down to his eyes, and his head bent to the storm. It was David Grahame.

As soon as Andrew Carrick saw him, the devil entered into his heart. The animal desire for revenge dominated every other feeling; and yet so subtly was the spiritual element interwoven in the fibres of his being, that in the same instant in which he determined to kill Grahame, he began to justify the deed, and to seek a sign that it was the Lord who had delivered his enemy into his hand.

"I'll count forty save ane," he said, fiercely, "and then I'll fire! If it be God's will to rid me o' the troubler o' my peace, he will send the bullet to its ain place; and if this occasion be laid upon me, I willna daur to shirk it."

He stood firmly on the mass of boulders, with his gun levelled at the spot which Grahame must pass. Then he counted off the allotted numbers with the strictest justice and impartiality — consciously neither delaying nor hurrying, although he feared for a moment that Grahame must pass the ap-

pointed spot ere he reached the "thirty-nine," which would give him his self-appointed right to fire. But he kept faithfully the engagement he had made with himself.

"Thirty - eight ! thirty - nine !" Grahame was on the very spot. Andrew's finger was on the trigger. But he never fired. There was a dazzling light, a terrific crash, and a fury of wind and rain that is indescribable. Grahame was riding safely down the road. Andrew had fallen to the ground, smitten by the fire of Heaven.

For another hour the storm raged, and Ann walked from one door to another, anxiously watching for some sign of her father. But, as she saw nothing of him, she concluded that he had found the wind too strong to face, and had gone back to the Martyrs' Stone, and taken shelter beneath it. "He'll be home when the storm is over," she thought, "unless, maybe, he passed round the hill, with the storm at his back, and sheltered himself with Logie Harrison. If that was the road he went, then Logie will convoy him home when he comes out to look after the sheep and lambs."

But when the rain had subsided, and there were even stray gleams of watery sunshine, and still no signs of Andrew's return, Ann became very miserable. And yet she hesitated about going up the hill to seek her father, because he was extremely sensitive to any apparent fear of his safety. Several times when he had met Ann coming up the hill as if she were anxious concerning him, he had angrily inquired, "what she was frighted for ? Was he a bairn to be watched ? Or didna he hae sense enou' to keep himsel' oot o' danger ?"

So with a very unhappy heart Ann hurriedly finished her dairy work. She had resolved when it was attended to, to send some one to seek the absent man, if by that time he had not returned home. When the work was done, it was growing to a misty twilight ; and Ann felt that search must be no longer delayed. Indeed, her soul had been urging and hurrying her for some time, and she could no longer endure the sense of coming trouble which pressed her on every side. At last, trembling with an uncontrollable fear, she ran with breathless haste down to the cottages.

Peter Lochrigg was standing at his open door, smoking. She laid her hand upon his arm, and said with an eager entreaty,—

"Peter, Peter ! My father hasna come home ! He was on the hillside by the Martyrs' Stone when the storm began, and I'm feared ! I'm feared ! O Peter, Peter ! I dinna ken what is the matter !"

Peter took in the situation at once. Ere Ann had finished speaking, he had put on his bonnet, and was throwing his plaid around his shoulders, and calling for Johnnie Gilhaize and Robbie Boyd. And the three men went together at a run up the cliff-side.

"Come in and rest a wee, Ann," said Sarah Lochrigg. "You hae lost your breath. My father will be sure to find Carrick."

"O Sarah, I have a heart heavy as lead ! I'm sure there is something far wrong. I'll not be for waiting a minute—they will be needing me, I doubt."

"Then I'll go wi' you, Ann. If help is required, there's nane has mair right, nor mair good-will, to gie it."

"I'm thankfu' to you, Sarah ;" and the two girls went hastily and silently back to the Lone House. As they entered it, they saw Peter and Robbie Boyd coming, bearing between them their insensible burden. Johnnie Gilhaize had been

already sent over the hills to Port Braddon for the doctor.

And when Peter laid Carrick down upon his bed, his eyes were full of tears. In that hour all Andrew's faults were forgiven and forgotten, and the man in his old pleasant aspects came back to memory. The ill-will and the petty anger of the past year or two faded away like a cloud; and the long, long friendship, binding the cottages to the Lone House, came back in all its strength and sweetness.

Andrew's very helplessness appealed to these strong men in a peculiarly vivid way. He had been stronger than any of them ; and he now lay at their mercy, dependent on their help as a newborn babe, and racked by intolerable pain. Peter and his mates had said many unkind things during the past year of Andrew, but they were now thoroughly ashamed of their want of charity ; and the kindness of so many generations proved itself, in this extremity, to have lost nothing of its first sincerity.

Indeed, during the days and weeks of sorrow and suffering and anxiety which followed, it nobly vindicated itself. The men in turns watched constantly by Andrew's bedside ; and the women relieved Ann of all stress of household labour. For the shock to Andrew's system had been all but deadly in its force ; and his long exposure to the rain, though it had perhaps saved him from death by lightning, had induced another disease of an acute and dangerous character. For nearly three months Andrew held to existence only upon a tenure of extremest physical suffering.

One morning he awoke as from some awful dream. He was in his right mind, but pitifully weak.

"Ann !"

It was only a whisper, but she heard it, and was at his side in a moment.

"My dear, dear father ! Are you feeling better ?"

"Ay, thank God ! What time is it ?"

"It is near the noon-hour. Will you have aught ?"

"Ay; open the shutters, and let in the light. I hae been lang in the Valley o' the Shadow—sae lang ! sae lang !"

"The shutters are open, father!"

She spoke very low, holding his wasted hands in hers, and letting her tears down-fall upon them.

"What is it ? Ann ! Ann ! tell me ! Is it light in the room ?"

"Broad noonday. O father, father, father !"

"Blind ! blind ! blind ! Nae sun, nae moon, nae face o' bairn or friend. Oh, my God, be mercifu' ! be mercifu' !"

There was a moment of intense, anguished silence.

Then Cosmo Carrick, who had been sitting at the foot of the bed, rose, and, taking Andrew's hand, said in low, gentle tones,—

"'It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

"'He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him.

"'He putteth his mouth in the dust, if so there may be hope.

"'He giveth his cheek to him that smiteth him : he is filled full with reproach.

"'For the Lord will not cast off forever :

"'But though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies.

"'For he doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.

"'Let us lift up our hearts with our hands unto God in the heavens.

"'Thou drewest near in the day

that I called upon thee : thou saidst, Fear not.' "—Lam. iii.

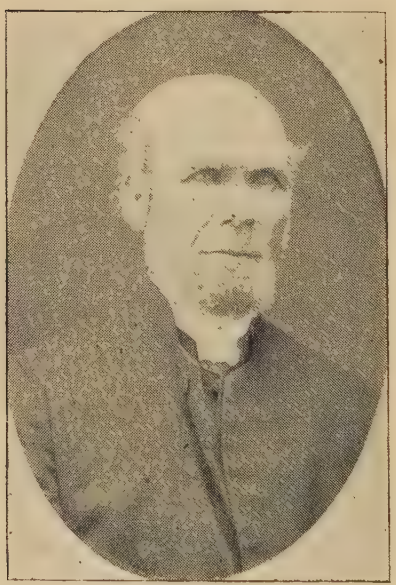
Andrew clasped his cousin's hand, but he was far too weak and prostrate to answer. Ann gave him a few spoonfuls of nourishment, and Cosmo wiped away the large tears that slowly rolled down his face. And the way of God with a man's soul is one which no human intellect can follow. The moment had come when the lost sheep, called in vain through all the pleasant valleys of life, answered at length out of the dark valley of the shadow of death. And oh, how grand is the triumph reserved for those who submit! Andrew from his crushed heart only whispers, "Thy will be done!" And instantly that peace which passeth understanding was with him.

" Tho' sin too oft when smitten by Thy rod
Rail at blind Fate, with many a vain
'Alas!'
From sin through sorrow into Thee we
pass,
By that same path our true forefathers
trod.

. . . . . .

Steel me with patience! soften me with
grief!
Let blow the trumpet strongly while I
pray,
Till this embattled wall of unbelief,
My prison, not my fortress, fall away."

THE REV. DR. JEFFERS.



DR. WELLINGTON JEFFERS.

With the death of Dr. Jeffers on February 10th, in his eighty-second year, at his residence at Belleville, one of the most notable figures in Canadian Methodism has passed away. Dr. Jeffers in his prime was one of the most eloquent orators we ever heard. He was an able writer, and for eight years a successful editor of the *Christian Guardian*. But the pulpit or platform was his throne. There he was at his best. Some of his sermons and addresses before the Conference will never be forgotten by those who heard them. His was a sturdy patriotism. His love for Canada and the Motherland was deep and strong, and found expression in burning words that stirred the hearts of successive generations of Canadians. For nearly half a century he was a potent factor in our Canadian life.

Dr. Jeffers was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1814. He early came to this country, where his father was one of the pioneer ministers of Canada, and afterwards taught school at Kingston. Here young Jeffers received his elementary training and became an expert commercial accountant. He was offered by the only bank then in Kingston a position on its staff, with a salary of $600 a year, which was exceedingly good pay for a very young man in Canada sixty years ago. But he had convictions that he should preach the Gospel, and declined the flattering offer in favour of "the saddle-bags and $50 a year." Two brothers, the late Thomas and Robert Jeffers, were also obedient to the heavenly vision, and laboured arduously in the pioneer work of the times.

Dr. Jeffers' first assignment was the island of Tanti, now Amherst Island, near Kingston. He had many deep and tender associations with the town of Belleville. That was his first station, and its Bridge

and Holloway Street churches were also his last appointments, from 1880 to 1884. There he superannuated, and for the last twelve years lived in comparative retirement. But his mental alertness was as great as ever. He was one of the most remarkable conversationalists, and from his loopholes of retreat looked abroad on the busy world and kept in intellectual touch with the great movements of the age.

During his ministerial career, Dr. Jeffers occupied some of the foremost circuits of Canadian Methodism, such as: Dundas, Grimsby, Brantford, Toronto East, Montreal Centre, Oshawa, Cobourg, Lindsay, and Belleville. He received abundant honours from his brethren, as chairman of the Toronto District in 1854, Secretary of the Conference, Editor of the *Christian Guardian* from 1860 to 1868, Co-delegate to the Conference in 1886. Dr. Frith Jeffers, Canadian Secretary of the Star Insurance Company, Dr. Wellington Jeffers, of Simcoe, Mrs. (Rev. Dr.) Graham, of Toronto, and Mrs. (Rev. Dr.) Wilkinson, of Minnesota, are surviving children.

We glean the following tribute from the Belleville *Intelligencer:*

"When in the enjoyment of his full vigour Dr. Jeffers was one of the most eloquent and forceful speakers the Methodist Church had in Canada. His sermons were models of close reasoning, and he had the happy faculty of illustrating his discourses in a way that made them intensely interesting. Whenever he was announced to appear in either of the city pulpits, even after he was superannuated, he was always sure of a large congregation. In private life he was a most genial person and a conversationalist of great ability. His wide knowledge of religious and scientific matters enabled him to give many valuable hints and suggestions to those who sought his advice. The Methodist Church has lost one of her oldest and most loyal pioneer ministers, and one who put duty before all other considerations."

The Rev. E. N. Baker, B.D., Dr. Jeffers' pastor, writes:

"I can say his last years and his last days were a fitting closing to so grand and beautiful a life. He kept in touch with everything that affected the Church. He loved to talk about her work. While fearing that we were not as faithful to the 'old paths' as we ought to be, he was optimistic. He believed God had a grand future for Methodism.

"On the occasion of his last illness some of us who had noticed him failing for a year, felt this was the 'beginning of the end,' and yet so great was his vitality and rallying power that at times we thought he would be up again. But on the 8th February pleuro-pneumonia set in, and on the 10th, at 2.30 p.m., he 'fell on sleep.' On Saturday, the 1st February, I said to him, 'Doctor, what message have you for the congregation to-morrow?' 'Tell them,' he said, 'that I have as great an interest in the salvation of souls as ever I had.' In a few moments he continued, 'Say to them that the foundation of all philosophy and science is Jesus Christ.' After resting, again, 'Tell them my hope is in the goodness and mercy of God. Give them my kind farewell.' One day I said to him, 'Doctor, we hope you will soon be better.' 'I am in God's hands,' he said, 'and he will do what is best.' For simplicity of faith, for humility of spirit, for patience amid the most acute suffering, for calm resignation to God's will, I have seen no more beautiful illustration than the last days of our friend, Wellington Jeffers. A few hours before he died, I said, 'Doctor, is Jesus precious?' With a voice clearer than usual, he said, 'Yes, yes.' His responses were most hearty during prayer. Dead! not dead, but gone before, we will think of him as alive forevermore.

"'Servant of God, well done;
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the victory's won
And thou art crowned at last.'"

The tributes paid to the memory of Dr. Jeffers at his funeral were very impressive. The students of Albert College were present in a body. The venerable Michael Fawcett spoke of his familiar acquaintance with the deceased for nearly half a century. Dr. Sutherland said: "The deceased lived in a most important period of Methodist history. He was strong, active and intelligent, and a man of great influence for the Church. He was a man of might in the ministry. Whilst he was a man of independent character he was also a broad-minded man. He was a master workman and a sound theologian. Nothing shook his faith. He preached the Methodist doctrine fearlessly."

Chancellor Burwash said: "For upwards of sixty years the deceased had toiled in the interest of Methodism. They had been years of great and glorious works. Deceased was an instructor, and many noble lessons had he imparted. He had assisted in laying the foundation of the work of the Methodist Church."

The Rev. Dr. Ryckman said: "Dr. Jeffers was beloved especially by the young people, with whom he was always in touch. His mind was always active and bright. He was a full man in every sense of the word. He preached Christ and him crucified. On account of his broad views, wonderful intellect and able counsels he was a valuable member of the Conference."

The Rev. S. J. Shorey wrote thus of Dr. Jeffers: "What grander man to teach young men what and how to preach? His view of truth was broadest because his standpoint was the highest. His grasp was firm and strong because he laid hold on essentials and not accidents. His presentation was forcible, it was the force of great, even tremendous truth, emphasized by all the energy of a strong-souled man who keenly felt that truth, and dearly loved to preach it. The minor structures of his sermons were not left naked and unadorned. Their mighty pillars were often festooned with many a vine and flower from the fields of rhetoric and poetry. There were touches of the decorative art in graces so kindly, so tender, even so pathetic, that as the eye saw the tear paid unconscious but highest tribute. Dr. Jeffers was a great preacher of a great Gospel."

SOUL-WINNING.*

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

Whatever may be said of a divine right to rule; certainly, since truth is regal and knowledge a sovereign power, some men have a divine right to write on some themes. Their insight, their experience, their courage, aggressions and conquests proclaim them kings. And their divine right to speak the things they do know makes just claim that other men pay heed to what they say, and involves the common duty of respect, investigation and rational compliance.

We are under obligation to pay attention to what a Newton or a Laplace may say in mathematics; a Plato or a Paley in ethics; a Cæsar, Grant or Wellington in war; a Descartes or Cuvier in psychology; a Pitt or a Cobden in politics; a Morse and an Edison in electro-dynamics; and an Aristotle and a Whateley in logic, and these men and others of their rank are just as solidly under obligation to accept as fully one of another and what other competent men deliver in the fields of their own investigation, doctrine and life. There is such a thing as authority; nor does it all abide with popes and autocrats, nor is it enforced with bulls and bludgeons. But it is that supremacy that entitles to examination, and, on proper credentials, to assent, to obedience and use.

If these men are to be heeded in their declarations and demonstrations—and many of them are the first and the loudest to proclaim such a right—why are not a Paul and a Luther to be heard in theological doctrine, and a Spurgeon and a Wesley on winning men from sin to God? But they object, the supernatural intervenes and removes the ground of rational process and assent. The supernatural, however, must present its credentials to reason and demonstrate its right to be called what men denominate as supernatural. And where do they draw their line? Is it at the boundaries of their knowledge? Then it must be like the horizon to varying visions, forever changing. Is not Deity as natural in his realm as man in his enterprises, as the air in its movements, or the bird in its flight? And do we so perfectly understand air and electricity, birds and fishes and the ways of men, that all here is absolute demonstration and knowledge, all science, and plain and open to every vision; and is, therefore, to be called natural, as over against the supernatural? Who dares label something as supernatural, and so relegate it to mystery and contempt? Has not the supernatural, so called, the spiritual, the religious, its operations and demonstrations? And are not men versed in the domain of the moral and religious to be accounted of merit and authority in their own department?

Mr. Spurgeon, in turning men from darkness to light, and from the power of

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*"The Soul-Winner." By C. H. SPURGEON. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co., and Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

Satan to God, has established a claim to speak to others on this subject, and when he speaks, to be attentively heard and, at least in many things, closely followed. An earnest man seeking the salvation of his fellowmen by the Christian religion and the grace of God, can learn much of Charles Haddon Spurgeon in this vigorous and valuable book, "The Soul-Winner."

While, when once it is established that it is God that speaketh and worketh, we must recognize the fulness of the divine authority and receive at once and without further question what the Lord saith; when it is man that speaketh, except only as he speaketh the word of the Lord, must we be vigilant at every step and accept his utterances under inquiry and proof. No man is perfect at every point, and even Mr. Spurgeon might be questioned as to some of his positions. It is because any seeming defects are so vastly overbalanced by clearly proven excellencies and vindications that we must accept such a book as an invaluable contribution to practical sacred literature, and especially to the faithful preacher's library.

The way Mr. Spurgeon puts conviction of sin and repentance unto regeneration, spiritual resurrection, instead of making them prerequisites, might not tally with our views of the word of God or with the experience of revivalists generally; for it is indubitable that many people get as far as conviction of sin and repentance also, who are never converted to God. They stop short of the appropriating, personal faith in Christ that brings pardon and regeneration. So it would not do to hold that people are converted when they have been convicted of sin—which, we might say, comes to all—and have repented—for many dwell long in the vale of repentance and travel no further. Neither would it do to say, according to our Wesleyan theology at all events, that every man so convicted, repenting and converted, is wholly sanctified to God and in God by the indwelling of the fulness of the Holy Spirit. Such views as are put forth by our author could very readily come from the overmastering theological system that governed his thought and from the strange view he took of regeneration.

"Our theory of regeneration," he says, "is that man in his fallen nature consists only of body and soul; and then when he is regenerated there is created in him a new and a higher nature—'the spirit'—which is a spark from the everlasting fire of God's life and love; this falls into the heart, and abides there, and makes its receiver a partaker of the divine nature. Thenceforward the man consists of three parts—body, soul and spirit, and the spirit is the reigning power of the three."

This view of regeneration, that it is not a change of what is already in the man by a new life implanted, but is an actual addition to the constituent and essential elements already in the man, any one can readily see has a relation to his view of entire inner and personal sanctification at justification, and that easy doctrine—"once in grace, always in grace,"—to which some of us might not easily render assent. A theory, a prejudice quickly colours a man's conclusions. If indeed it be so, that God unmans, de-mans the man by incoming and indwelling in religious experience, that God becomes essentially and inextricably a third part of the new man, and necessarily the potent part, it might raise all the questions of forcing an entrance into the man, retaining an irresistible possession; compelling an unwilling service, coercing the moral nature, and refusing, indeed unable, to leave the man to himself, no matter what his spirit, word, act, character or life. All this looks wonderfully like arbitrary election, irresistible grace, divine authorship of evil, divine responsibility for sin, arbitrary reprobation, irresistible final perseverance and divinely overborne and determined life and destiny, whether it be holiness or wickedness, happiness or woe.

If in making the new man God of his power takes possession, and not merely resurrects what was dead, regenerates what had fallen into decay, reforms what was disordered, recreates and renews what had lost its pristine force and beauty, brings to due birth, opens to the life and light, and invigorates what had been already in its elements constituted and shapen; not merely renews, resurrects, which implies previous fulness of existence, but actually adds a new element to essential, original complete manhood, instead of restoring original complete manhood by the co-working of divine grace and power—then, of course, there is free run for conditional immortality men, soul-sleepers, unconditional reprobationists, and, for that matter, for universal salvationists.

But Mr. Spurgeon accepted none of these sequences of some of his positions. Our practice is often infinitely better than our theory, and the best of men get astray in the vagaries of speculation.

When a man undertakes to draw a strict philosophy of either regeneration or entire sanctification that will lie close to every experience, he is doing just what the Saviour himself said we cannot do: "The wind bloweth where it listeth," hardly touched two people alike; "thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth, so is everyone that is born of the Spirit."

Mr. Spurgeon was mighty in soul-winning. His book is an invaluable help thereto. But like the rest of us he had better not be followed too closely when he undertakes to unfold the fulness of divine reasons and methods.

The very motto the flaming evangelist and fervid preacher chose for his book commands attention. Oh, to be like him, on fire with the Gospel message, electrified of its spirit, impelled and upheld of its power! Then, less anxiety as to texts and themes, and divisions and tones and attitudes and circumstances and places; and only one all-conquering desire to be able to preach the glorious Gospel in its fulness, its saving power. The anxiety, the carking care would be gone; but not the thoughtfulness, the study, the proper arrangement and direction, the prayer, the faith, the hope, the conflict, the agony, the power, the victory. Men would come to God. The motto is an utterance of the pious Keble: "The salvation of one soul is worth more than the framing of a Magna Charta of a thousand worlds;" extravagant perhaps, perhaps irrelevant; but indicative of the vehement desire, the cogent purpose, the consuming passion of the preacher. It is like the oft-quoted declaration of Mr. Wesley: "Gaining knowledge is a good thing, but saving souls is better;" it needs to be quoted at the right time and in the right place. When urged unseasonably to take a probationer from college or from his proper discipline, it has resulted in damage to the Church, injury to the candidate, and possibly in the loss of souls. True, as Mr. Wesley said, "We have nothing to do but to save souls;" but both Mr. Wesley and Mr. Spurgeon believed it to be necessary to get well ready for so great a work. The better equipped workman might be instrumental in saving all the more souls.

True the salvation of a soul is greater than the mere framing of Magna Chartas, but the proper application of Magna Chartas may be the salvation of thousands of souls. Indeed what is the economy of redemption but the covenant, the Magna Charta of grace whereby all souls are saved. The man that turns the valve may be a greater man than they who build the railway and the engine, and get steam up and all ready to turn the valve and apply the power. The man that builds the power-house, puts in the machinery, stretches the wires, fixes the carbons, may be nothing to the man that touches the button or the lever and turns on the electric current that brings sparkle to the diamond. But after all is said and done, lifting the valve or snapping the button would not do much without due preparatory measures.

True, you may have all the power-houses and wires in the land—if no one touches the button all is darkness. But how are you going to settle which is worth more, the man that clicks the button or the man who stretches the wire and unites it to the cylinders at the power-house end of the electric arrangements? All such statements must be taken with their proper qualifications. Every man and every agency is important, ay, indispensable, in the proper place and application; and it does not amount to much to say that the salvation of one soul is worth more than the framing of the Magna Charta of a thousand worlds. That depends. Magna Chartas have saved thousands of souls. Vindication of principles, philanthropic movements, social reforms, Christian and evangelical covenants and arrangements, benevolent and charitable agencies, have redeemed millions that mere individual effort would never have reached. Somebody, divine, angelic or human, must snap the button and let the power on; but unless the power is there in the preconcerted provisions all the snapping and clicking of the ages will not save a soul. Surely that is plain and evident before our eyes.

But after all, Mr. Spurgeon believed thoroughly in the provisions; and few men could snap the button better than he by the grace of God, that is, bring the sinner into connection with God by the use of the means. This book on soul-winning proves that he held the power to be of God, and the glory of all salvation to belong to God; and that at the same time he held it to be necessary, yea, indispensable, that the human agency intervene; that the pastor, the preacher, the labourer, must come in; that he himself had a tremendous responsibility in such a work. If he believed in the call of the sinner, he believed also in the foreordination of the means, and he was one of the means so foreordained.

"Our main business, brethren, is to win souls," he says. "Like the shoeing smiths, we need to know a great many

things; but just as the smith MUST know about horses, and how to make shoes for them, so we MUST know about souls, and how to win them for God." There are God-ward qualifications and man-ward qualifications. First a soul-winner *must* be a man of holiness of character; *must* have spiritual life to a high degree; *must* be a man of humble spirit; *must* have a living faith; *must* be characterized by thorough earnestness; *must* have great simplicity of heart; *must* surrender himself completely to God. Second, on the man-ward side, the soul winner *must not* be an ignoramus; *must not* be a mere actor, but evidently sincere; *must not* be indifferent, but take the General's order to use red-hot shot; *must* have love to his hearers; *must* have evident unselfishness; *must* have seriousness of manner; *must* have a heart of tenderness; *must not* be forever "taking the bull by the horns." "You will be a fool if you do," says Mr. Spurgeon. "A bull is a likely creature to project you into space if you get meddling with its horns. Why not let the bull alone to go where it likes?"

Winning a soul is not stealing members out of Churches already established; is not hurriedly inscribing names on the church roll; is not merely creating an excitement aiming at sensation and effect; but it is instructing a man that he may know the truth of God; it is impressing him so that he may feel that truth; it is bringing the man to conviction of sin, to simple faith in Jesus Christ, to unfeigned repentance of sin (Mr. Spurgeon's order), to a real change of life, to harmony betwixt the life and the profession, to the spirit of obedience to the Lord.

Spurgeon says he believes in the old-fashioned way of saving souls. Our object is to turn the world upside down. We aim at working a miracle. Mere oratory will only create sham and shame in the long run. If it be a miracle, God must work it. We must be endowed with the Spirit of God and go forth in his power. We win souls to Christ by acting as *witnesses*, testifying to both Jews and Greeks. We are also pleaders for the Lord Jesus Christ. Fear is a right and good motive and should influence the preacher himself. Furthermore we are examples; lips and life must agree. "Dear brethren," he exclaims, "if we are going to win souls we must go in for downright labour and hard work. Cobbler, stick to your last; preacher, stick to your preaching." And besides preaching we must use earnest private talk, have a tract ready, write a letter. You must let a great storm rage in its own way; you must let a living heart speak as it can.

Such are the subjects discussed in this splendid book, all luminous with consecration, faith and prayer. A master artist is telling simply, faithfully, how to do a master artist's work. Why should he not be an authority? Why should we not pay heed, study, imitate, and by the grace of God succeed to God's glory? Here are a few of the sentences that come flashing out from a soul all aglow within:

"You are sent into the world not to do the things which are possible to man, but those impossibilities which God worketh by his Spirit, by the means of his believing people."

"We are not going to be believers of Scripture, but original thinkers. This is the vainglorious ambition of the period."

"The greatest force of the sermon lies in what has gone before the sermon."

"May you be as mobile beneath the power of God, as the cork on the surface of the sea."

"You may depend upon it, that souls are not saved by a minister who doubts that God uses the faith of his ministers to breed faith in other people."

"Was Jesus found at the theatre? Did he frequent the sports of the race-course? Was Jesus seen, think you, in any of the amusements of the Herodian Court? He was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners."

"They plead that they may live like worldlings, and my sad answer to them, when they crave for this liberty, is, "Do it if you dare." It may not do you much hurt, for you are so bad already. Your cravings show how rotten your hearts are. If you have hungering after such dogs' meat, go, dogs, and eat the garbage! Worldly amusements are fit food for mere pretenders and hypocrites. If you were God's children you would loathe the very thought of the world's evil joys, and your question would not be, 'How far may we be like the world?' but your one cry would be 'How far can we get away from the world? How much can we come out from it?'"

"Are you not willing to pass through every ordeal if by any means you may save some? If this be not your spirit you had better keep to your farm and to your merchandise."

"The reason that the Church has not more power over the world is that the world has so great power over the Church."

"If Jesus Christ were here to-day I am sure he would not put on any of those

gaudy rags in which the Puseyite delights himself. You cannot pull people out of the water without stooping down and getting hold of them. I pray God that we may learn the sacred art of soul-winning by adaptation. They called Mr. Whitefield's chapel at Moorfields 'The Soul-Trap!' Whitefield was delighted and said he hoped it would always be a soul-trap."

THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF IMMORTALITY.*

BY N. BURWASH, S.T.D.,

Chancellor of Victoria University.

Prof. Salmond is already well-known in the theological world by his Introduction to the New Testament, Life of Christ and other valuable works. The present work, however, may well be reckoned as his *opus magnum*. It occupies a field in which our English theological literature is scanty, and in which much of what we have is obsolete in form and indifferent in quality. The present work is therefore a boon to our theological students, and will be doubly so as when they proceed to study its contents they find it to be a work of the very highest class.

Professor Salmond, in accord with the true scientific spirit, has rigidly limited his field. His work is not of speculative theology, nor yet of historical. It is not a philosophical argument for the immortality of the soul, nor a *resumé* of the opinions which have been advanced on that subject. It is purely inductive, religious, and biblical. It is a careful statement in the line of Biblical Theology of the Christian faith in immortality. This is preceded by two introductory lines of investigation on the same clearly defined plan.

Immediately introducing the Christian doctrine is the doctrine of the Old Testament; and again introducing this is a brief presentation of the earlier faith of the outlying Gentile nations. In this first part he does not follow the speculative theories of the Anthropologist in endeavouring to account for this faith as a product of dreams, etc. But finding such faith, like faith in God, to be in some form a universal fact, he regards it as a gift of God to the race, and hence not to be despised as a mere superstition, even in its most deteriorated forms, but to be regarded as worthy to lay the foundation for the more perfect Christian faith. This section embraces an account of the faith of the Hindoos, Egyptians, Babylonians, Assyrians, Persians and Greeks, and gives us a truly valuable chapter in the study of Comparative Religions.

The Old Testament, as is meet, occupies a space equal to that given to all the heathen nations. In his treatment of the Old Testament doctrine we are again delighted with the firm self-restraint of the author. He never permits himself to read back into Old Testament language New Testament ideas, and he faithfully addresses himself to the task of an accurate historical interpretation of the texts. But while thus true to the inductive principle, he penetrates beneath the surface of the mere words and evolves the truly spiritual conception of both God and man upon which the whole Old Testament preparation of this doctrine is founded, and which raises it so distinctly above all the sensuous and pictorial representations of the heathen and even the crudely Christian world.

Coming at length in book third to the New Testament, the author justly devotes a full-length book to the teaching of Christ, defining his teaching under five great categories of the Return, the Judgment, the Resurrection, the Intermediate State, the Final Destinies. He clearly finds here the full-orbed doctrine of which later apostles and prophets give us but extended applications or illustrations. Special attention, however, is given to Paul's doctrine of the Resurrection.

The last hundred and twenty pages are occupied with the application of the results of his careful Biblical study to the various theories of conditional immortality, etc., prevalent in our time, and with valuable appendices illustrating the text. The book is one which every theologian will desire to possess and to master thoroughly for himself, and we know of no book which can be more heartily recommended to young men, as an exercise in Biblical Theology, conservative, scientific, and truth-loving in spirit and method.

* "The Christian Doctrine of Immortality." By STEWART D. F. SALMOND, M.A., D.D., Professor of Theology, Free Church College, Aberdeen. Edinburg: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company, and Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. 8vo. Pp. xii-703. Price, $5.00.

The World's Progress.

A Court of Peace.

God often makes the wrath of man to praise Him. One effect of the President's message was to reveal, as by a blinding glare of lightning, the awful possibilities of the most frightful war the world has ever known yawning in the very pathway of civilization. After the barbaric and reckless war cry which came from Congress, and from a reckless section of the press and people, came the sober second thought of the better elements of the Republic. Now strenuous advocacy is being put forth for the creation of a Supreme Court of arbitration, which shall prevent such a wicked outburst of the very passions of hell by furnishing an authority to which a calm reference of any international dispute can be made for investigation and adjudication. Many of the leading minds of both countries have made such a proposition. The preponderance of English public opinion is strongly in favour of it. Some of the ablest jurists and leaders of the United States strongly favour the plan. The *Outlook* says: "Men who recognize each other's righteous spirit can always find a way to agree in a righteous purpose; and if the righteous elements in both nations unite, it is certain that the unrighteous elements cannot compel a wholly unrighteous war. The mere creation of such a court would be prophetic of a larger tribunal, joined in by all the powers of Christendom, and charged with settling all international disputes. Public opinion would enforce the decisions of such a tribunal; and no objecting nation could hazard forcible resistance to a decree pronounced by a court which represented all the greatest powers of the civilized world.

"The peace lovers of the United States and Great Britain ought not to be content with merely preventing a war now between these two countries. They should unite to create a tribunal which should make war impossible in the future. Navies and armies then would be needed only for police and patrol duty, and to protect the civilized world from the dangers threatened by barbaric peoples."

Mr. Stead writes in the *Methodist Times* as follows: "The recent flare-up of the flames of hell in the very midst of the circle of English-speaking nations suggests the thought that it is but as the bale-fire summoning the friends of peace to make the triumphant rally which is needed to secure a great and lasting victory. From a religious point of view no political duty is more clearly imposed upon English-speaking men than that of deepening, strengthening, and widening the fraternal bonds of the unity of the race. The whole English-speaking world should be restored to at least that modicum of realized political unity which would render all thought of war between any of its members as fantastic and absurd as that of a combat between Lancashire and Yorkshire."

The New York *Independent* strongly supports the movement. Under the title

"Perpetual Peace,"

it says, "The London *Chronicle* proposes that provision for 'perpetual peace' be made between the European and American divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race. This is a great thought, infinitely more worthy of the two most powerful nations of the earth than the challenge of homicidal combat.

"Say what we will against England when our blood is up—and we can be very severe and very sarcastic—our hearts throb in sympathy with her people whenever her supremacy is threatened. In our heart of hearts we believe that everywhere her rule is beneficent. Her conquest of Burma was in the interest of simple humanity; her ultimatum to Ashanti means the end of savagery; her protectorate over Uganda insures the end of devastating intertribal wars. She does rule with a large humanity. The English deal with the poor blacks of Bechuanaland as men: the Dutch Boers treat them as dogs.

"It is true that the sun never sets on the Queen's dominions; but the fact provokes no jealousy in us. More than fourscore years lie between the two nations and their last conflict. Let us make a bond to keep the peace."

England for Peace.

The Queen's speech at the opening of the Imperial Parliament breathes only words of friendship and goodwill towards the United States—very marked contrast

to Mr. Cleveland's blustering message to Congress. It shows that every reasonable effort had been made towards the settlement of the Venezuela question, till Venezuela herself broke off negotiations and has refused ever since to re-open them. Sir William Harcourt urged that the dispute be settled at once before it be allowed to fester and break out into dangerous sores breeding bad blood between the two nations. "The country without distinction of party," he said, "demands the earliest solution of the question. We must obliterate past controversies and apply our minds solely and singly to the question as it now stands, to make known to the world that sincere justice should be done, and adopt the best means to see it done."

Mr. Balfour uttered similar sentiments, but added, "We owe a duty to our children in the colonies—the 40,000 British settlers—unless they are defended we would not deserve the confidence of the country. I am certain that everyone, American or British, who impartially considers the subject, will be convinced that there never was, or never has been, or is not now, the slightest intention on the part of England to voluntarily attack the substance or sense of the Monroe Doctrine. No illegitimate ambition nor unworthy greed for territory or desire to step beyond the due limits or frontiers of the empire has ever animated the British policy throughout this long controversy."

A Truce of God.

Mr. Balfour continued, "I can only add that I shall rejoice, that the country and the public opinion of the world will rejoice, if out of this toil shall spring the good fruit of a general system of arbitration. If that shall be the result of these controversies I shall feel that all the evil done will have been more than compensated for, and that a permanent guarantee of the good-will of the English-speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic will have been obtained for all time."

Lord Rosebery remarked: "Two things might be heartily welcomed as the outcome of the difficulty with the United States. The first was the unbounded expression of loyalty by Canada, and the second the serious movement on both sides in favour of permanent machinery by which questions referable to arbitration could be dealt with without loss of dignity or impairment of the sovereign rights of either."

In an address at Manchester, after speaking of the people of the United States as "our own flesh and blood," and of "an Anglo-Saxon patriotism" as well as an English patriotism and an Imperial patriotism, Mr. Balfour said: "We may be taxed with being idealists and dreamers in this matter. I would rather be an idealist and a dreamer, and I look forward with confidence to the time when our ideals will have become real and our dreams will be embodied in actual political fact. It cannot but be that those whose national roots go down into the same past as our own, who share our language, our literature, our laws, our religion—everything that makes a nation great, and who share in substance our institutions—it cannot but be that the time will come when they will feel that they and we have a common duty to perform, a common office to fulfil among the nations of the world."

Such sane, Christian and statesman-like utterances bring into violent contrast the jingoism of Senators Lodge and Davis, and other fire-eaters of the American Congress.

Canada and the Empire.

There seems to be a strange delusion on the minds of certain American writers and speakers that Canada is ready like a ripe pear to fall from the parent bough into the lap of the great Republic. The loyal resolution adopted by the Dominion Parliament, and the stirring patriotic speeches with which it was supported on both sides of the House, should certainly dispel that delusion. A like resolution was adopted with similar unanimity and eloquence in the Ontario Legislature. The same message comes from Manitoba and British Columbia. The same spirit animates every section of the broad Dominion. The meeting of the Press Association of Ontario was characterized by similar unanimity.

It would not be worth while dwelling on this, but for the fact that a gentleman of the intelligence of Mr. Chauncey Depew expresses a different sentiment, and that a journal of the high character of the New York *Independent* admits an article from Mr. Edgar Maurice Smith, of Montreal, urging independence as the first step towards annexation with the United States, enlarging on the dangers of alliance with Great Britain, alleging that her promise of support in case of attack has gone down with a gullible people time and again. "Blustering pig-headedness," he says, "may loudly shout 'England forever,' but calm common sense should demand release from so dangerous a connection."

Mr. Edgar Maurice Smith utterly misrepresents the sentiments of the people of Canada. He could find no paper in the broad Dominion that would print his cowardly sentiments. No man, we believe, would be elected to the office of pound-keeper on such a platform. The journal which gives currency to such an individual opinion, should also give equal currency to the utterances, expressing the deep and undying sentiments of Canada, of its representatives in the Provincial and Dominion Parliament and its Press Associations.

Canada wants no separation from the mother country. She is proud to be such an important part as she is of the world-wide British Empire, covering two-fifths of its vast area. Our loyalty to the mother country is no "feverish" or artificial feeling, but one ingrained in our souls, as the valour of the Canadian militia at Chateauguay and Queenston Heights, at Navy Island and Lime Ridge, have shown. Loyal Canadians have served with the flag in every part of the Empire, and the first foreign regiment ever enrolled for the British army was the 100th Royal Canadian.

Canadian loyalty is not, to use the words of Sir Oliver Mowat, a matter of pounds, shillings and pence. Even were the advantages of annexation ten times greater than are the disadvantages which must accrue, Canada will not barter for a mess of pottage her birthright in the greatest empire in the world. We believe that Divine Providence has an important part for us to play in the world—to build up in the northern half of this continent a great self-governing power, in alliance with the British Empire, and with the loyal colonies of Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, India, and South Africa, in a grand British federation belting the globe.

The public lands of the United States are well-nigh exhausted, whereas we offer the vastest area of fertile virgin soil in the world, including a wheat area incomparably larger and better than anything in the United States. We will continue to shout "Old England and Canada forever," and trust, with our homogeneous population, with our superior advantages, our Sabbath-keeping, law-abiding, Christian morality, our predominant temperance sentiment, which promises to secure the suppression of the liquor traffic earlier in Canada than anywhere else in the world, to develop a high and noble type of Christian civilization beneath the protecting folds of the Union Jack.

England Vindicated.

It has become the fashion with a section of the American press to blame England for not bombarding Constantinople to save the Armenians a thousand miles off among the mountains of Asia Minor. It is easy enough for Mr. William Watson in his study to polish his brilliant sonnets about "Craven England," and for pen-valiant editors, with no responsibility and no knowledge of what diplomatic negotiations are going on, to denounce the helmsman who steers the ship of state. It is a wise policy not to interfere with the man at the wheel, especially when you do not know the rocks ahead nor the swift and deadly flow of unseen currents, and he does. It would be easy for a reckless foreign minister to fling the torch into the powder-magazine of Europe, that would kindle a world-wide conflagration.

In this connection we appeal to the opinion of Dr. Washburn, President of Robert College, Constantinople. From personal conversation with President Washburn we formed the judgment that he was one of the wisest and most far-seeing statesmen in Europe. Of his article the New York *Independent* says: "Nothing weightier, nothing severer could be said. It comes from the best-informed man in all the East. What he says of the relative criminality of Russia, Germany, France and England can be implicitly accepted. He puts the blame where it belongs for the astounding failure of the great so-called Christian Powers of Europe to protect the Christians of Turkey from massacre, outrage and forced conversion to Islam. It is true that England is the only power that has shown the least interest in the subject. She only has taken the lead in asking the powers to join in this work; but she has failed to lead with fleet and men when a bit of suberb courage was needed."

Dr. Washburn's statement as abridged from the *Independent*, is as follows:

"The action of the different Governments at Constantinople, except in the case of England, has not been influenced in any way by public opinion at home. The most despicable of all has been the policy of Germany, which has been ostentatiously opposed to all intervention. She has ostensibly condemned the Turks, but of late has given England to understand that if she attempted to force the Dardanelles she would find the Russian fleet acting with Turkey. Her object has

been, first of all, to prevent an English or general European occupation of Constantinople, and if possible to get the powers to consent to a Russian occupation.

"England has played fair and done what she believed to be her best to defend the rights of the Armenians. She has given up her traditional policy and been ready to dethrone the Sultan or to divide up the Empire if necessary; and she has sought for no compensation. She has been ready to act with Russia and France, or with all the powers, or alone, if the other powers consented. Yet she has done nothing to help the Armenians. What she has done has been a curse to them. What she has lacked has not been good will but the courage to face all Europe with no ally but Italy.

"That a war between England and America would lead at once to universal war no one can doubt who knows the present relations of the European States; and that we should kindle the flame that was to bring destruction upon Europe and plunge into it ourselves to share her fate, seemed to me the end of all hope for the present generation and for many generations to come."

The United States, which has been so strongly denouncing England's inaction, has special reasons for action herself. The missions which have been destroyed by the score were planted by American missionaries and American money, and the Christian converts who have been massacred by the thousands are the product of these missions. The *Independent* asks the question: "If Russia still holds back, why should we not ask England and Russia, the two powers to be consulted, if they would oppose us with army or fleet if we should, at least in protection of our own citizens, send our vessels and fifty thousand, or a hundred thousand, soldiers to Turkey? We could do it, and England would help us; perhaps Russia would not forbid. There is a grave responsibility resting on us as a nation."

Congressional Amenities.

Some American senators and American cartoonists are doing their best to degrade the Executive of their country and to disgrace themselves. The speech of Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, especially vituperates the President, whom he denounces as a "bull headed and self-idolatrous man," as a "besotted tyrant." His opponents he denounces as "Judases, lick-spittles and sycophants." It is only fair to say that the Southern press utterly condemns such senatorial rowdyism. The Memphis *Era* styles him the "champion blackguard of the Senate." The Nashville *Banner* declares that "There never was so painful an evidence of the decadence of the United States Senate." The Norfolk *Pilot* says, "He may be a demagogue and a blatherskite, a bird of ill omen, but he is ominous, all the same as Coxey was ominous." If we mistake not, it was from the same State that the gallant Senator Brooks came. When he could not conquer Charles Sumner in argument, he broke his cane over his head in the Senate. All senators, American and others, should learn that mild words and strong arguments are the most effective.

The Davis resolution in Congress, extending the scope of the Monroe Doctrine, to prevent any European power acquiring by purchase, cession, or by any other means, any new territory on the American continents from the North Pole to Patagonia, is by no means received with unanimous favour in the United States. Some well-informed papers denounce it as pure buncombe, as playing to the gallery and having a sharp lookout for electioneering contingencies. *Harper's Weekly* represents Davis as a peevish boy who has climbed on top of a calm, majestic bust of President Monroe, while Uncle Sam crys out, "Come down from that, you pesky crittur." Much milder interpretation of the doctrine is sure to be recommended by the Committee on Foreign affairs.

Clerical Intimidation.

The intimidation or bribery of the elector is, we believe, an indictable offence. It is no less objectionable when performed by a bishop than by a vulgar bully. The intimidation of the episcopal crook and through the unseen terrors of the other world are as illegal as the use of the club. Such weapons will always injure most of all the Church or party that employs them. Our Roman Catholic friends make a great mistake when they appeal from reason to ecclesiastical threatenings. The power of Torquemada and the Inquisition have forever passed away from the world. A professed undershepherd of Jesus Christ should use only words of "sweet reasonableness" in admonishing his flock. Words of cursing come not with propriety from lips consecrated to the gentle teachings of the

Prince of Peace. Every loyal Canadian should resent with indignation all ecclesiastical interference of any Church, Papal or Protestant, with the conscientious convictions and votes of its members. Protestants, from the very principles of their faith, should grant their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects all that justice requires, but should be staunch as a rock in defending the rights and liberties of themselves, their children, and their children's children, that which is so precious to all, over every acre of this broad Dominion.

Popular Science.

A Century's Progress.

As the proud nineteenth century draws to a close it would seem that its representatives have good reason to be proud of the legacy to be left by them to succeeding ages. The last century saw the infancy of the steam engine, saw the isolation of oxygen gas and of a few other substances in the field of chemistry, and that is nearly all in science given to the present age by its predecessor. Before 1800, the cities of the world were still lighted by lamps and candles; electricity had its highest development in the inefficient frictional machines; railroads and steamboats were not yet a factor in transportation, and even the roads of England had but begun to be made.

Then the nineteenth century commenced. Gas lighting was introduced and the nocturnal crimes of great cities almost ceased. Lavoisier's and Priestley's discovery of oxygen began to bear fruit, and modern chemistry, which is a little over a century old, gradually took a position in the world of science. The galvanic battery gave strong current electricity. Sir Humphrey Davy produced the electric light and the metals of the alkalies; the steamboat, locomotive and telegraph came into existence, and for a time it seemed as if man had all he could attend to in developing the new discoveries.

Now, within a few years of the new century, and all within the space of a few months, developments and discoveries, few in number, but of importance enough and wonderful enough to fairly overthrow all our ideas of the limitations of man's power, have been thrust upon us.

The subject of the liquefaction of gases has long been a fascinating one for the physicist and experimenter. All the elemental gases have been liquefied, and the apparatus has been so perfected that with comparatively simple appliances, and in a space of ten minutes, liquid air can be collected like water in an open vessel, and the assertion has been made within a few months, by one of the best qualified investigators of the world, that in the near future liquid air will probably be the great source of artificial cold. Even more wonderful is the liquefaction of air produced by the cold due to its own expansion, which has been accomplished recently on what may be termed the commercial scale. We may within a few years see liquid air supplied and used by the litre like any common chemical.

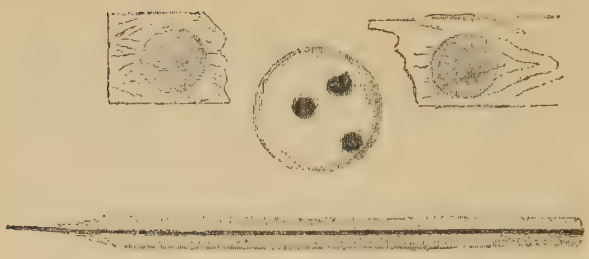
Acetylene will always remain one of the milestones of the world's progress. Its production is due to the development of the dynamo—it is a gift made by physics to its sister science, chemistry.

Within a few months the world of science was startled to hear that an element hitherto undiscovered was a constituent of air, and that its composition had never been correctly determined; the new analysis showed the existence in air of the strange neutral element, argon. Argon and acetylene represent triumphs of the opposite branches of chemistry—of analysis and of synthesis respectively.—*Scientific American.*

Roentgen's Cathode Rays.

And now the world is electrified over a new discovery, exemplified by the reproduction of an image of an object through opaque screens by hitherto unknown rays. Since the beginning of the present year the epoch-making work of Roentgen has been published, and it presents no greater degree of achievement than it does of mystification as it affects the theory of light. No age has ever witnessed such a succession of triumphs of science in so short a time.

All the world is ringing with the fame of the great discovery made by Professor Roentgen, of Wurzberg. He found that by passing a current of electricity through a Crookes glass tube exhausted of its air, pictures—we cannot call them photo-



CATHODE RAY PICTURES.

Lead in a Pencil. Three Metal Balls through a Pasteboard Box. Two Dimes through an inch Board.

graphs, which implies printing by light—may be taken of objects through opaque substances. For instance, the bones of the hand and the foot may be shown through the flesh, coins through several thicknesses of leather in a seal-skin purse, etc. This opens a new field in surgery. In Montreal, a bullet was located in a man's ankle; in Chicago, buckshot in a man's hand, and in Toronto, a needle in a lady's foot, thus enabling the surgeons to reach with precision what before eluded their search. Had this been known during President Garfield's illness the fatal bullet which caused his death might possibly have been promptly located and removed. An Italian, Professor Salvioni, has invented an apparatus which he calls a cryptescope, whereby the movements of a watch can be seen and the circulation of the blood and other processes in the interior of insects and small animals, lead in a pencil, three metal balls through a pasteboard box, and two dimes through an inch of wood.

From *Current History* we glean the following notes of the progress in science:

Balloon Expedition to the North Pole.—M. S. A. Andrée, an engineer of Stockholm, expects to start in July, in a balloon of special construction, from one of the Norwegian islands of the Spitzbergen archipelago, and hopes to reach the Pole in forty-three hours, and to return safely to the inhabited regions of North America or Siberia. His balloon, now being made in Paris, is to be of sufficient size to carry three persons, instruments, and provisions for four months, besides a boat transformable into a sledge. Gas under pressure in cylinders, sufficient to keep the balloon aloft for thirty days, will be taken.

Horseless Carriages.—For many years experiments have been made to develop a practical automobile carriage for ordinary road use. In France, particularly, these experiments have been brought to the verge of commercial success; and where good roads are to be found, it is not unlikely that in the near future, power-driven carriages and cycles will be largely used. In some of the inventions petroleum or gasoline furnishes the power; in others, electricity; and they appear to surpass the horse in speed, endurance, and economy. Cycles driven by petroleum, steam, or electricity are said to have attained a speed of sixty miles an hour. Petroleum seems to be the most practicable source of power. An automatic carriage went from Paris to Bordeaux and back, over 700 miles, at the rate of fifteen miles per hour.

The Geomagnetifere.—French scientists have invented a machine, the geomagnetifere, for the distribution of electric currents under the surface of cultivated fields. Its purpose is to apply electricity to the roots of the grain or plant, and thereby stimulate growth. Roughly speaking, it consists of a tall pole with a number of copper spikes at the top to collect electricity from the atmosphere, and with conductors along the side to lead the gathered electric fluid to the base, where wires ramify it through the soil. The use of this device, it is claimed, increases the productivity of a given acre by fifty per cent., while the cost is much less than that of manure necessary to effect the same result.

Electricity in Domestic Service.—At a recent exhibition of utensils in the Palais de L'Industrie, in Paris, a large number of domestic appliances, worked by electricity, were shown in action; but, perhaps, the most novel was a dish-cleaner. The plates travel between pairs of wet brushes, and after being thoroughly cleaned in this way fall into a tank of water, from which they are removed. Two thousand plates can be washed per hour in this way.

The Eidoloscope.—This instrument—which seems to have larger powers than the kinetoscope—is said to reproduce moving objects and their every motion life size, and with absolutely lifelike

accuracy. It is the invention of Professor Woodville Latham, professor of chemistry in the University of Mississippi. It really consists of two instruments—the eidolograph, which is capable of taking 120 pictures, perfectly, in a second, or 7,200 a minute, and the eidoloscope, which projects them life-sized upon a screen of canvas.

The Gramophone.—This instrument for the reproduction of sounds, invented by Dr. Berliner, is much simpler, and, it is said, will be much cheaper, than the phonograph. Its records of speech and music are practically indestructible, and easily duplicated by mechanical means, and its utterances can be made so loud as to be heard all over an ordinary-sized house.

A novel balloon has been invented by M. Savine, a Russian, resident in Paris. It consists of a combination of the ordinary hydrogen gas bag, with its appended basket, and a second balloon, to be inflated with hot air, suspended below the basket, and itself bearing a metal car. In the latter will be carried a supply of petroleum, the burning of which will replenish the supply of hot air at will, and facilitate ascent and descent. The inventor talks of journeying first to New York and later to the North Pole.

An improved type-setting machine has been invented by Father Calendoli, a Sicilian monk. It is said to set 50,000 letters an hour, equivalent to the work of twenty compositors; but its practical value remains to be tested. Its distinguishing feature is the use of the octave and chord system of the piano, whereby an entire word may be put in type by a single movement of the hand.

"Gelsoline" is the name given a new fabric prepared from the bark of the mulberry tree without the intervention of the silkworm. The bark is rotted and the fibres treated like flax, being then purified with soap and soda. The new material is obtainable at one-tenth the price of flax, and is very strong. It is now being manufactured in Italy, and is used for upholstery purposes.

A dispatch comes from Siberia that Nansen has actually reached the North Pole. It is, however, not credited in London.

Current Thought.

The Joy of the Lord.

Says Lord Bacon, in one of his most admirable essays—that on Adversity: "If you listen to David's harp you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols." Now, with all deference to the great philosopher, we beg leave to differ from this remark. The songs of thanksgiving and outbursts of rejoicing in the glorious collection of Psalms far exceed in number those of a sad and dirge-like character. Their very name among the Jews, *Sepher Tehillem*, signifies the Book of Praises, and the word Psalm itself means that which is sung, having connected with it the idea of joy and exultation. The last seven of these sublime odes, the "Great Hallel" of the Jews, are, in the words of Milton, "a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

There is nothing gloomy in the religion of the Bible, nor in the character of the sweet singer of Israel. Four times in the course of a single Psalm he exclaims, "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" The burden of his song is, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our Salvation."

So, also, in the New Testament, the religion of Christ is set forth, not as an ascetic thing, but as full of joy and gladness. Paul's letters abound in exhortations to thanksgiving and praise; to "rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks." At the close of one short epistle, into which he is crowding as many messages and counsels as possible, he twice repeats the injunction to gladness of heart, "Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice."

There never was a greater libel uttered than that religion is a sad and gloomy thing. They alone are truly happy who walk in the sunshine of God's smile. And who should rejoice as those who know their sins forgiven, who know that they are reprieved from death eternal, and made the heirs of the life everlasting? Of them we can say, in the glowing words of Macaulay, "If their names are not found in the registers of heralds, they

feel assured that they are recorded in the Book of Life. Their palaces are houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which shall never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they can look down with contempt; for they are rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language; nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand."

There is, indeed, a frenzied sort of wild and wicked mirth which the worldling calls joy; but, like the exhilaration produced by drugs or wine, it is followed by a deep and dark depression. It is like the crackling of thorns under a pot, a quick blaze, which goes out in blackness of darkness, leaving charred cinders and gloomy ashes of dead joys and withered hopes. "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness."

How different from this is the deep, abiding joy of the Christian! the joy of the Holy Ghost, and of communion with God, nearer and dearer far than that with the nearest and dearest earthly friend. It is not a swift meteor glare nor lightning flash that shrivels the heart to ashes, but the genial light of the ever-shining sun, warming, cheering, illumining the soul on its pathway to the grave; lighting up the valley of the shadow of death, and gilding with the radiance of heaven the clouds and darkness of the tomb. He has a never-failing fountain of joy gushing up perennially in his soul, and gladdening his whole being. No matter how dark and dreary may be his worldly prospects, he is never sad. Amid the uttermost bereavement or adversity he evermore exclaims: "Yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." And for him, when done with earth, is a royal robe, a crown of glory, and an everlasting kingdom in the skies.

The Missionary Convention.

The recent Missionary Convention of the three Toronto districts was, we believe, a new departure in Canadian Methodism. It was, however, so successful that we trust that it will be the beginning of a series of similiar conventions throughout the country. Unfortunately, the blizzard that prevailed prevented a large attendance. But those who were present received a missionary inspiration which they will not soon forget.

Of special interest was the visit of the Rev. Dr. Goucher, of the Woman's College, Baltimore, Md. Dr. Goucher is a missionary enthusiast, one of the few Methodist ministers of large means, and, with his devoted wife, he has given very largely to missionary objects. A characteristic of his addresses is their ample illustration by vivid narratives of missionary achievement. The concrete impresses us much more than the abstract. The story of the providential way in which many causes, remote and near, conspired to prepare the way for Robert Morrison in China, and to crown his labours with success will never be forgotten by those who heard it.

The discussion of missionary problems and methods among our ministers and thoughtful laymen cannot fail to deepen interest and quicken zeal in this grandest of causes. It was shown that the very condition of spiritual growth at home is missionary effort abroad. It may be made the criterion of a standing or a falling Church. The happy art and tact and skill with which the Missionary Secretary, Dr. Sutherland, answered the various queries of the Question Drawer were in the highest degree instructive. The papers by the Rev. S. D. Chown, B.D., on "Missions, the Main Question, Not a Side Issue;" by B. E. Bull, Esq., on "How to Awaken and Maintain the Missionary Spirit;" by the Rev. George Bishop, on "Is the Church Responsible for the World's Evangelization?" were full of profitable suggestion as well as encouragement.

A Wise Appointment.

In the appointment of the Rev. Dr. Henderson to be Assistant Missionary Secretary, another important stride forward has been made in the interests of the Society. Dr. Henderson's marked pulpit and platform eloquence will find a noble field and a grand theme in the cause of missions. What will be the loss of the individual Church will be the gain of the whole Connexion. With two of the ablest men in Canadian Methodism, Dr. Sutherland and Dr. Henderson, engaged heart and soul in this great work, the missionary interests of our Church should receive an impetus such as they have never received before.

Such a movement is but adopting the practice of the great missionary societies of the Home Land and the United States. It might seem to some an unwisdom to put the foremost orator of Methodism, the late Dr. Punshon, in the Mission Rooms, but he there rendered to the Church the

grandest service of his life. In the United States, Dr. Durbin, Chaplain McCabe, Dr. Peck, Dr. Leonard and others, lifted up before the public the paramount interests of missions. Nothing will so promote a revival in every circuit and quicken their spiritual sympathies as the increase of its missionary efforts.

The reinforcement of the Japan Mission by a man of such ability as Principal Borden, of Nova Scotia, and the Rev. John Scott, D.D., of the Hamilton Conference, will infuse new energy into our mission in that country. Dr. Hart and Dr. Hartwell, we learn, have reached Chen-tu, to build again, like a new Nehemiah and Ezra, the house of the Lord which has been broken down.

THE COVENANT SERVICE.

The Rev. E. N. Baker, B.D., of Belleville, writes on this subject as follows :

"In the February number of THE MAGAZINE AND REVIEW there is a criticism of the Covenant service that I think is not wisely nor well taken. It says "that it is not in harmony with our joyous Methodism," "that Mr. Wesley adopted it before he had shaken off his ascetic cast of mind," "that it is more a covenant of works than of grace," that it "emphasizes, in Puritan-wise, the stern duties of service."

If our Methodism is joyous in simply singing "O happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away," if it is, as our enemies say, simply a sentiment, a feeling, then our Covenant service is out of harmony with it; but if our "joyous Methodism" is to manifest itself in holy living, in devoted service, then the Covenant service is in perfect harmony with it.

It is true that John Wesley adopted it early in his ministry, but he kept it up until his death, and it has been observed by his followers ever since.

As to whether we see it as a covenant of works or of grace, depends on the way we look at it. If we see it as Christ's yoke, then it is easy, and as his burden, it is light, and it is all of grace. The works we covenant to do are for his sake, and come from a heart fully consecrated to his service. Like David, we can say, "Our delight is to do thy will, O God."

That it "emphasizes in Puritan-wise the stern duties of service," is true, and it is one of the things which, to my mind, commends it. I would not endorse all that that great man, Horace Bushnell, has written, but I am in perfect accord with him when he says, "How often we are impressed with the feeling that our modern piety wants depth and spiritual richness. It is as if it were in the skin and not in the heart—thin, flabby, flavourless, destitute of the heroic, sturdy qualities. It never can be otherwise until we consent to endure some hardness. . . . There was never a strong Christian that did not put himself to being a Christian with cost. So much meaning has our Master, when charging it upon us, again and again, without our once conceiving possibly what depth of meaning he would have us find in his words, 'Deny thyself, take up thy cross and follow me.'"

If there are statements in that beautiful service that are not scriptural let us ask the General Conference to take them out; but if not, let us ask of God for the fulness of the Spirit. That will enable us to keep it as a delight. Then, instead of our most joyous hymn being—

> "O happy day, that fixed my choice
> On thee, my Saviour and my God,"

it will be—

> "My gracious Lord, I own thy right
> To every service I can pay,
> And call it my supreme delight,
> To hear thy counsels and obey."

The Bibliotheca Sacra for January is an exceptionally interesting number, high praise, indeed, for so excellent a periodical. The Rev. W. L. Ferguson, M.A., summarizes the findings of modern criticism in reference to the Fourth Gospel. The last word has by no means been spoken on this subject, but Mr. Ferguson reaches the following conclusions from his study of the controversy: The date of the Fourth Gospel may be assigned to the last half of the first century; it was written from Ephesus by John the Apostle; the purpose of its composition was that men might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and believing have life in His name. An article of marked interest, from the pen of the Rev. William C. Barton, D.D., appeals from the verdict of history in reference to the character of the penitent thief, who, Dr. Barton thinks was not a thief in the ordinary sense, but a political prisoner. The story of his conversion has, in Dr. Barton's judgment, "been overdone, and it may be that the almost universal association of this incident with the tardy repentance of desperate sinners has not only been unjustified, but has prevented us seeing some of the important lessons

connected with it." Dr. Theodore W. Hunt writes charmingly on the character of Wordsworth's poetry. Space limits forbid further references to the rich bill of fare which the editors have set before their readers. S. P. R.

The Chautauquan. Dr. Theodore L. Flood, Editor, Meadville, Pa. Yearly subscription, $2.00. "The Air we Breathe," "Francis Schlatter, the Healer," "The Street Life of London," "The Turk in Armenia," are interesting papers, which help to make the numbers for January and February more than usually attractive to general readers.
C. J.

The Review of Reviews for February, contains an article which makes one of the most telling and effective exposures of the recent Turkish massacres that has yet been attempted in the English language. It is based upon full accounts of the massacres, written on the ground by trustworthy and intelligent eye-witnesses of the terrible scenes. The estimated killed is put at 50,000, property destroyed $40,000,000, starving survivors 350,000. A. M. P.

In the January number of the *Review of Reviews*, English edition, Mr. Stead's character sketch is a very rose-coloured one of President Cleveland, accompanied by American cartoons of not so roseate a hue. The offensive caricature of the Chief Magistrate, by American papers, is not conducive to respect for authority.

AN "APOSTLE AND AVENGER."

Mr. Stead's book of the month is the "Life and Letters of Anna Kingsford, Apostle and Avenger." She was a very remarkable woman. Of Italian descent though English birth, she married an English clergyman, but stipulated for her personal freedom. She studied medicine in Paris, but was so exceedingly beautiful that neither professors nor her fellow-students could take her seriously and persecuted her with their attentions. She failed in her first examination, but finally won her degree, and subsequently practised medicine in London, and dabbled considerably in literature and in the preaching of a strange mystical gospel—the Perfect Way—a spiritualizing of all the doctrines of Christianity.

She had an intense abhorrence of vivisection, whose cruelties she had seen in Paris. She claimed that she actually killed by her intense will-power, two of its leaders, Claude Bernard and Paul Bert. She had doomed Pasteur to the same fate, but he survived her. She avers also that she existed in some previous state in historic persons, and knew intimately Juno and other goddesses of the Greek mythology. Her life shows that when one strays from the unerring guide of Christian faith, no genius, however splendid, will keep one from wandering into utter fanaticism.

A PENNY HYMNAL.

Mr. Stead has done good service by bringing out a series of Penny Poets, reprints of the English Classics for the million. His next venture in this line is a Penny Hymnal—one hundred of the best hymns in Christendom. To get a census of these he interviews all manner of nobilities as to their favourites. That of the Prince of Wales is, "Nearer, my God, to thee;" General Wood's is, "Lead, kindly light;" Duke of Argyle's, "O God of Bethel;" Crockett's is the Scottish metrical 23rd Psalm; the editor of the *Daily Chronicle's* is Wesley's "Thou hidden soul of love."

Some journalists and statesmen have no use for hymns or know little about them; the nearest that Grant Allen can approach, is love of Shelley's Ode to a Skylark; Mrs. Schreiner's favourite is Browning's "Grammarian's Funeral." In the favourite Hundred, as arranged by popular vote, the first five are: Toplady's "Rock of Ages," Lyte's "Abide with me," C. Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of my soul," C. Elliott's "Just as I am, without one plea," and J. Newton's "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."

The Preacher's Magazine for February is a rich number. Its table of contents is full and inviting. The leading sermon, "Instruction for Fishermen," by Alexander McLaren, D.D., is excellent. Rev. S. Law Wilson, has an interesting article on "A New Business under the Old Sign." Rev. Mark Guy Pearse continues his able series of Communion Addresses, under the general heading, "In the Banqueting House." The "Homiletic Helps," etc., are, as usual, very good.

The Treasury of Religious Thought for February opens with an excellent article on "Missionary Work in the Coral Islands. Under "The Saving of Boys and Making of Men," an instructive account is given of the trade schools in New York. The leading sermon is on "Change of Heart," by Rev. M. M. Davis. "Current Thought," "Home and Family Life," "Pastoral Work" and "Illustrative Thoughts" are suggestive.

The Missionary Review of the World still leads in that class of periodicals, under its departments of "The Literature of Missions," "International," "Monthly Survey," "Editorial" and "General Missionary Intelligence." One can scarcely keep up with the missionary movement without it.

In our notice of Dr. MacKay's missions we inadvertedly stated that "in 1872, when Dr. MacKay began his labours in Formosa there was not a church, chapel, or native Christian in the island." The qualifying phrase "north part of the island, was inadvertently omitted. Dr. MacKay gives frequent and appreciative reference in his book to the previous missions of the English Presbyterian Church in the southern part of the island. Indeed, he devotes one whole chapter specifically to their work begun in 1865, and gives full statistics of their operations. "No two missions," he says, "could possibly be more friendly; we are 'one in hope and doctrine, one in charity.'"

Book Notices.

The Complete Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning. Cambridge Edition. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company; Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo, pp. 1,051, gilt top, Price, $3.00.

It is a demonstration of the growing popularity of this great poet that his American publishers feel warranted in printing in one volume the complete poems, which in their Riverside Edition filled ten. The text is clear and legible, while the thin paper makes the volume not too large for convenient use. The book includes an excellent ten-page biographical sketch, introductory and critical notes on his poems, Browning's prose essay on Shelley, with admirable indexes. A fine portrait of Browning and etching of Asolo, his Italian home, are given.

Next to Shakespeare, we deem Robert Browning the greatest dramatic writer in the English language. His collected writings are little less in bulk than Shakespeare's, exceeding, we think, those of any other English poet, and being, we judge, fully twice as great as Tennyson's.

Browning is not always easy reading, but we know no poet who will better repay the study demanded for the comprehension of his works. The difficulties of that task have been greatly exaggerated. In "The Ring and the Book," his longest poem, probably the longest in the language, there are, we think, fewer obscure lines than in Milton's "Paradise Lost." It is a marvellous *tour de force.* The same story is told ten times over from different points of view. One would imagine it would become insufferably tedious; instead of this the interest increases with each telling, and leaves us filled with admiration for the genius of the writer who can so thoroughly identify himself with so many different narrators.

A distinguished Presbyterian minister, to whom we recommended the study of Browning, declares that to him it was a revelation, as next to the Bible he found no book so helpful in the preparation of his sermons. Browning's Biblical poems, those on Saul, on Cleon, on St. John, and especially the wonderful study of Lazarus, are wonderful interpretations of character. Ruskin declares that in no other piece of modern English prose or verse is there so much told of the Renaissance spirit as in "The Bishop orders his tomb in St. Praxed's." "In thirty lines," he adds, "he compresses the substance of thirty pages of the 'Stones of Venice.'" Browning's facility of rhyme is extraordinary. In one poem of forty lines he introduces thirty-five distinct rhymes.

Browning's Nonconformist training perhaps explains in some degree the breadth of his sympathies and the wide range of his poems. They embrace all time, from Lilith, the first wife of Adam, down to Mr. Sludge, the medium, and almost all Occidental and Oriental lands; he projects himself even into the man-beast, Caliban. The high, courageous optimism of his poems is their conspicuous note, as in that noble poem, "Pippa Passes," "God's in His heaven; all's right with the world."

Browning's interpretation of art of music, painting, sculpture, and of that Italian life which he knew so well, is

simply marvellous. As an illustration of the condensed force of his method, note the following lines:

"Would a man 'scape the rod?"
Rabbi Ben Karshook saith,
"See that he turn to God
The day before his death."

"Ay, could a man inquire,
When it shall come?" I say.
The Rabbi's eye shoots fire—
"Then let him turn to-day!"

Heredity and Christian Problems. By AMORY H. BRADFORD. 7½ x 5½ inches. Pp. 276. Price, $1.50. New York: Macmillan & Co. Montreal: W. Drysdale & Co., and Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

This is an interesting and valuable book. Dr. Bradford does not come before his readers as an original investigator. Accepting the facts concerning heredity which modern science has established, our author applies them to the social problems of the day. An example of the method which he employs in the application of scientific facts to practical life occurs early in the book. "If Spencer is right, and acquired characteristics are transmissible, then it is the duty and privilege of the Christian man to work for the creation of such conditions as will put in the place of the tendencies toward evil which now exist, better traits of character, that, these being transmitted, may result in nobler types of manhood. If Weismann is correct, and the peculiarities of individuals are due to their environment, then the problem is simpler still, and all that any can do, or need do, is to seek to make possible a full and true expression of the normal human life."

The bearing of the laws of heredity upon freedom of the will is frankly recognized. Studying man from the physical side of his being alone, Dr. Bradford confesses that "there is no freedom if man is simply a product of his ancestry and his environment." But he insists that "the evidence which indicates that freedom is a fiction is balanced by facts on the other side which indicate that it is a reality." The conclusion reached is "that we know that we are free, but that our freedom is modified by heredity and environment, and by the fountain of personality from which we have sprung but of which we know little."

Salvation, defined in the terms of the facts of heredity, must be thought of as a larger blessing than we have sometimes regarded it. Our author is in sympathy with the doctrine laid down by Dr. Bushnell half a century ago, that the world's hope is in "the outpopulating power of a Christian stock."

Dr. Bradford is truly loyal to the Holy Spirit, whose regenerating power must be depended upon to overcome the evils which arise out of man's past. The doctrine of retribution receives marked emphasis. Jesus Christ is recognized as the "one single exception" to the natural laws of which this book treats. "Whatever may be the conclusion concerning other men, it is impossible to account for the personality of Jesus of Nazareth by either heredity or environment, or by both. Whether He be human or divine, or both in one, He is in the history of the race absolutely and unapproachably unique." The Incarnation is accepted by our author as the explanation of the life of the Saviour.

For teachers, preachers and parents this book should possess special charm. No one can read it thoughtfully and wisely without benefit. S. P. R.

Life and Work of Mr. Gladstone. By J. CASTELL HOPKINS. With a preface by the HON. G. W. ROSS, LL.D., M.P.P., Minister of Education in Ontario. Toronto and Brantford: The Bradley-Garretson Company, Ltd. Quarto, pp. 500. Price, $3.00.

No more notable subject among living statesmen can the biographer have than that of England's Grand Old Man. A man who has been four times Premier of the greatest empire in the world; who has won distinction as a scholar and theologian that many a professional *litterateur* or bishop might envy; a man of purest Christian character, who carries with him into his retirement in his eighty-fifth year the homage of even his political opponents, is assuredly a very notable figure in the world's history. It is very high praise to say that, in our judgment, Mr. Castell Hopkins has risen to the height of his great argument, and has admirably treated this noble subject.

The life story of Mr. Gladstone is the political history of the last sixty years. In no way can a history be better studied than by grouping its events around the life of one of its foremost actors. The most remarkable feature in Mr. Gladstone's career is the open receptivity of his mind. Of aristocratic and Tory training, he deliberately turned his back upon the early associations of his life and advanced to an ever broader liberalism, strongly supporting in his maturer years

great movements which he had previously opposed.

His school and college life, the romance of his courtship and marriage, his early years in Parliament, his championship of the Established Church, his sympathy with the struggles for liberty in Italy, Greece, Bulgaria, Montenegro and Herzogovina are detailed. His marvellous ability as finance minister, his trade policy, his franchise reform, his Home Rule leadership, are brilliantly sketched. Able chapters are devoted to Mr. Gladstone as an orator, as a great writer and scholar, to his home life, his political and literary contemporaries; including a study of his great rival, Lord Beaconsfield, of his great colleague, John Bright, with sketches of Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, Robert Peel, Earl Russell, Lord Salisbury and Lord Tennyson, with interesting anecdotes of the Queen and Prince of Wales. Numerous portraits of these and other persons of prominence and pictures of places connected with the career of Mr. Gladstone embellish the volume. It is ground for congratulation that the most adequate treatment, so far as we are aware, of the life of England's great statesman is from the pen of a Canadian writer.

Central Truths and Side Issues. By Robert G. Balfoub. T. & T. Clarke, Edinburgh, 1895. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co., and Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, $1.25.

These six papers are monographs on the profoundest mysteries of our faith. They evade no difficulty, but in reverence the author bows before the incomprehensible. The style is marked by a devout spirit and by close reasoning, and the papers must be accepted as of much theological value.

The first theme discussed is the Kenosis of the Incarnation. Thomasius, Gess, Ebrard and Martensen are criticised, and a view of the Kenosis is adopted which recognizes the infinite activity of the Eternal Logos at the very moment when the Incarnate Word knew not the day or the hour of His second advent. He grapples with the problem, How is this view to be rescued from the elements of duality in Nestorianism; and discarding this heresy, he claims that in the one person the divine infinity suffered itself to be circumscribed at the point of the Incarnation.

The second paper deals with the Atonement, which is viewed from the standpoint of a Baxterian eirenicon between Calvinism and Arminianism. Every such praiseworthy effort commends itself more to the heart than to the head. It cannot be amenable to logic. Still it is hailed as a welcome modification of Hyper-Calvinism. Wesleyan Soteriology is not quite correctly portrayed when represented as regarding the work of the Son and the purpose of the Father as unlimited, while the work of the Spirit is limited to the elect. No Wesleyan believes this. In this paper various objections to the Atonement are answered well, at least as well as Calvinistic limitations allow. In the next paper other objections are answered, and the erroneous thories are discussed of Wardlaw, Bushnell, Macleod Campbell, Robertson, Maurice, Fairbairn and Ritschl. The views of Bishop Westcott, whose praise is in all the Churches, are regarded as not measuring up to the scriptural representation of Substitution and inflexible law.

The remaining subjects treated are "The Doctrine of Baptism and Laying on of Hands," "The Covenant of Sinai and the Resurrection," all in an interesting manner and with a sincere purpose to elicit truth. W. I. S.

The Triumphs of the Cross; or, The Supremacy of Christianity as an Uplifting Force in the Home, the School, and the Nation, in Literature and Art, in Philanthropic and Evangelistic Organization, Shown by the Facts in the Yesterday and To-day of the World. By Ex-President E. P. Tenney, A.M., Illustrated by 325 engravings. Boston: Balch Bros., Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, pp. 702. Cloth. Price, $3.25.

The best evidence of Christianity is Christianity itself. Nothing so demonstrates its supernatural character, its divine inspiration and authority, as its transforming power as exerted individuals, and in the world. A persecuting Saul becomes an apostle of righteousness; slavery is mitigated and finally banished; even horrid war smoothes its rugged front; manners are purified; life is made sacred; woman is ennobled and dignified; institutions of charity and philanthropy abound; devoted missionaries go to the ends of the earth to preach its doctrine, and countless numbers have sealed their testimony with their blood.

The story of this mighty conquest is the purpose of this book. It is the result of wide historic reading and prolonged study. "It is," says the author,

"the outcome of ten years' work." President Tenney has brought to his task rare gifts of research, of analysis, of classification, of grouping his facts and of eloquent expression. He has also called to his aid a large number of special contributors, among them Dr. Cuyler, Bishop Huntington, Dr. Dorchester, Chaplain McCabe, Dr. Barrows, Joseph Cook, Bishop Vincent, Dr. Parkhurst, and two hundred others.

The book is exceedingly comprehensive in its scope and treatment of its august theme. It treats first of the conflict of Christianity and paganism. It shows the debt of popular liberty to Christianity, the modification of Roman law by Christian thought, the development of brotherhood, of self-government, of civil freedom and religious liberty. It sets forth the purifying of domestic life by Christianity; how it lifts woman from the depths of degradation of paganism, clothes her with domestic virtues and shrines her in the sanctities of home. An important section discusses the relation of Christianity to education, art and literature, how it quickens the intellect, inspires free thought, encourages research, promotes elementary and higher learning. Especially by the diffusion of the Bible throughout the world it has incomparably blessed the race.

The special note of Christianity is its passionate charity in succouring and saving the lost. To this, therefore, a large section of this book is devoted. We are apt to think the relations of capital and labour unsatisfactory in Christendom, but in heathendom they are infinitely more so. The problem of the poor is soluble on Christian principles, and on these alone. The victims of vice and crime also can be lifted up by it, and by nothing else. The testimony here given by experts as to Christian philanthropy in its myriad forms is of brightest augury for the future of our world. Especially is this true of the progress of Christian missions. The message to the Churches by Chaplain McCabe rings like a bugle-call. The many illustrations are of very superior merit.

The Two St. Johns of the New Testament. By James Stalker, D.D., Author of "Imago Christi," "The Life of St. Paul," etc. Cloth, 271 pp., 8 x 5 inches. Price, $1.00. New York: American Tract Society. Toronto: Upper Canada Tract Society.

You always expect something good from Dr. Stalker, and are never disappointed. The saints of whom he writes are the Johns who stand on each side of Christ, the Apostle and the Baptist, and in this order, though why we do not know. Of "the disciple whom Jesus loved," after giving an account of his first meeting with Christ and his home influences, he traces the three stages of his connection with Christ as Believer, Disciple and Apostle, then follows with an account of his work and writings. His besetting sin of pride, and the traces of his being an unlearned man and other characteristics, are referred to in a way that brings the Apostle that loved Jesus very nigh, and his life specially helpful.

John, the Forerunner (why should he be called the Baptist?), is emphasized as a predestined man and his life-story told to show that good people may live in the worst of times. A third lesson taught by his birth and upbringing is the influence of parents.

The man who had the privilege of being the first to point out the Messiah, is referred to as a Prophet or "Forth-teller" with a message to the people. An exposition of his baptism of Jesus and his testimony to Christ, are given in a way to throw light upon these facts. The eclipse of his faith and Christ's eulogy are discussed in a way that will encourage the Christian. The chapter on his martyrdom, which closes the book, brings out the sterling character of the wilderness preacher, and make one wish for more such men to denounce modern sin in all phases. This book will be read with great profit. A. M. P.

How Canada is Governed. A Short Account of its Executive, Legislative, Judicial and Municipal Institutions, with an Historical Outline of their Origin and Development, with Numerous Illustrations. By J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., D.L. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company Limited. Pp. 344. Price, $1.00.

Canadian citizenship implies duties as well as privileges. One of these duties is to make oneself familiar with the constitution and system of government of the country in which one lives. The purpose of Dr. Bourinot is to furnish a citizen's manual of the science of government and of its origin, development and methods in Canada. The author reminds us that we are not only citizens of Canada, but of the greatest and noblest empire that the world has ever seen. He, therefore, describes the growth of our Constitution and its relations to the Imperial Govern-

ment, the sphere of Dominion and Provincial power and legislation. Important chapters are devoted to municipal and school government in the Provinces; and one to the duties and responsibilities of Canadian citizens. An Appendix gives in full the Constitution of the Dominion and amending Acts. This book is written in Dr. Bourinot's strong and lucid style, is admirably printed, contains a coloured map of the Dominion and numerous engravings of its public buildings, arms, autographs, etc.

Here and There in the Home Land. England, Scotland and Ireland, as seen by a Canadian. By CANNIFF HAIGHT. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Pp. 612. Price, $3.00.

However far they may have wandered, or however long they may have remained away from the land of their birth, it is to every Briton the home land. Mr. Canniff Haight knows the home land well, and writes with keen sympathy of its institutions and its historic and romantic associations.

This handsome volume gives a graphic account of leisurely visits made to the most interesting parts of the British Isles. The numerous engravings, of which there are over two hundred, are of exceeding beauty and are admirably printed, as is indeed the whole volume. The abbeys, minsters, cathedrals, castles, public buildings and institutions, the highways and byways of the Old Land, the quaint ruins and bridges, its lovely lakes and streams, mountains and valleys are admirably represented. Those who are familiar with the scenes will be delighted to have them recalled. Those who are not, will find an excellent substitute for that personal knowledge in Mr. Canniff Haight's graphic descriptions and beautiful pictures.

David; Shepherd, Psalmist, King. By REV. F. B. MEYER, B.A., Author of "Old Testament Heroes." Cloth, 8vo. Pp. 213. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, 90c.

This gifted spiritual writer has turned his attention to Old Testament worthies and given us a series of which this last is the eighth. In each he aims to sketch the character of the hero by reviewing every period of his life, and in the case of David, concentrates himself upon those passages which trace the character-forming steps. Starting with the sheep-cotes, he takes us to the "Sunset and Evening Star" of the life of Israel's sweet singer, in twenty-seven devotional studies of a deeply spiritual and genuinely practical character. These volumes on "Old Testament Heroes" are properly complementary to the historical "Men of the Bible Series" and will be very suggestive for the preacher or teacher.

A. M. P.

Catharine of Siena. By JOSEPHINE E. BUTLER. London: Horace Marshall & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.75.

More than forty lives of "Catharine of Siena" have been written in many languages. Mrs. Butler's admirable biography has already reached a third edition. Mr. Gladstone states that he has read it with intense interest. "It is evident," he adds, "that she is on the level of her subject, and that it is a very high level." We have sent this book to Professor Wallace, D.D., Victoria University, who has kindly consented to prepare a character-study of one of the purest saints in Christendom.

The Errors of Evolution. By ROBERT PATTERSON. Edited, with an Introduction, by H. L. Hastings. Boston: Scriptural Tract Repository. Price, $1.00.

The errors which the author combats are those arising out of the evolutionary hypotheses which leave God out of the universe. Under the divisions of Astronomy, Geology, Zoology, Human Society, and Christianity, the author shows how frequently evolutionists have taken guesses for facts and with these materials have built up their theories. The book is written in a popular style, and is useful as an antidote to the scepticism which atheistic evolution breeds. The fact that a third edition has been called for speaks in its favour.

C. J.

The Methodist Year Book. A. B. SANDFORD, D.D., Editor. 1896. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price, 10 cents.

This little manual always fills a convenient corner on our study table. All the more important yearly statistics of American Methodism, outlines of the religious statistics of the United States, articles of Œcumenical Methodism, and many other items of information required for frequent use, are always at hand here.

N. B.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist Church.

The third Œcumenical Conference is to be held in Wesley's chapel, London—the Mother Church of Methodism—in 1901. Preparations have been begun.

Revs. Hugh Price Hughes, F. Bourne and H. Kendall have been appointed to prepare an address to the Pan-Presbyterian Council which is to meet in Glasgow in June, 1896. These gentlemen will also be the representatives of Methodism on that occasion.

In the West End Mission in London there are now 1,700 members, where seven years ago there was nothing, but the work in all its departments costs annually over $60,000.

Dr. Stephenson's Refuge has rescued about 4,000 little orphans and waifs and trained them for usefulness and for God.

Dean Farrar has invited the Children's Chorus to Canterbury Cathedral, where they will conduct the choral service.

Twenty-nine ministers have died during 1895. The oldest was Rev. Wm. Elton, who spent sixty-five years in circuit work. He reached his ninety-second year. The average age was about sixty-four years.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

There were 56,664 members in 1796; one hundred years later the figures are nearly fiftyfold. According to Dr. C. C. M'Cabe, the Church has gained in eleven and half years, 6,388 churches, or one-fourth of the whole number now owned, the additional churches furnishing sittings for 1,800,000 people. In this period the Church has made a gain of nearly $40,000,000, or one-third of its total accumulations of property. The Church has gained in twelve years over 100,000 converts on the foreign mission-fields, and during that period its missionary income has been $5,000,000 more than for the twelve years preceding 1884.

Bishop Goodsell writes: "It appears that we shall come up to the next General Conference with not far from 2,800,000 communicants, and with corresponding increase in the ministry. Our Church now conducts its services in more than thirty languages and dialects.

One of the missionary secretaries writes: "The home field embraces many different classes of our greatly mixed population. There was a time when the home missionary could reach any class of our constituency in a single tongue, but it is vastly different now. Almost as many different languages are spoken by our home missionaries as by those sent abroad. Home missions are conducted in Welsh, German, Swedish, Danish, French, Portuguese, Italian, Bohemian, Hungarian, Chinese, Japanese, Spanish and native Indian tongues.

It requiries about 3,000 conversions a month, at Methodist altars, to make good the depletion of the membership.

Bishop Foster said recently that in "world-wide Methodism there are only fourteen persons who have been in the ministry as long as he has."

The revival-work at Honolulu, Hawaii, of the Rev. C. H. Yatman, who is making an evangelistic tour of the world, resulted in hundreds of conversions.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Dr. Waller, President of the Wesleyan Conference, England, sent a cablegram to the bishops of the United States, inviting them to arrange for united prayers with British Methodists for continued peace and good-will between the two kindred nations. The bishops cheerfully responded in these words: "We will join you in prayers for continued peace and good-will between the two kindred nations, and when the war-clouds are all blown away we will heartily unite in praises."

Li Hung Chang, China's foremost statesman, the Gladstone of his country, said to Bishop Hendrix during his late visit to China, "Say to the American people for me, to send over more missionaries for the schools and hospitals, and I hope to be in position both to aid them and protect them."

The Methodist Church.

Rev. W. J. Jolliffe, B.C.L., has put his copying machine to good use. A syllabus of his Sabbath morning sermon is printed and distributed by members of the Young

People's Society to those who are sick, or who from other causes may not be able to attend the church service.

Miss Lydia A Trimble, lay delegate from Foochow Conference, China, to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is a Canadian. She joined the Methodist Church when twelve years of age. Her early education was received in her native land. She went to China in 1889 as missionary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Six other Canadians are delegates to the General Conference, some of whom were ministers in Canadian Methodism.

It is gratifying that the investigation by the Missionary Board into the Japan difficulty has been settled, and the Board could find no just cause of complaint, either against the Executive or the General Missionary Secretary. The missionaries, Revs. Dr. Eby and F. A. Cassidy, have been doing yeoman service at missionary anniversaries in several of our conferences.

Evangelistic services have been reported as very successful. Toronto has been specially favoured. Trinity pastor, Rev. W. F. Wilson, was aided by Mr. White, whose singing was truly inspiring. Parkdale enjoyed the services of Mr. Schiverea, whose Bible readings were attended by crowds. Rev. E. E. Scott, pastor, reports good results from the services. Mrs. Aikenhead's labours at Woodgreen church have resulted in great good.

In the Anglican Church, Rev. W. Hay Aitken also held a Protracted Mission in Toronto. He is a man of marvellous power.

The latest news from China is encouraging. Rev. Messrs. Hart and Hartwell were on their way, in company with several other missionaries, to Chentu.

The munificent gift of Mr. H. A. Massey, of $10,000 each to Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, and Albert College, Belleville, have enabled the managers of those institutions to provide additional accommodation for their students.

Rev. E. R. Young, though labouring in England, does not forget the Mission work in Canada. Recently he sent a draft to Dr. Sutherland for £110 sterling, from himself and friends in the mother country.

Primitive Methodist Church.

A visitor at Sea-Palling, on seeing a splendid life-boat, inquired how many men men the little village of four hundred inhabitants could find for the two boats, and was told "over thirty." "I should like to see that brave little army," said he. "You can see almost the whole of them at once on Sunday night at the Primitive Methodist chapel." The visitor went as he was told, and came away proud of that side-light on village Nonconformity.

Over $110,000 has been paid in towards the $250,000 for the Jubilee Fund. A Jubilee Mission is to be commenced on the West Coast of Africa.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. James Garner. This distinguished Primitive Methodist minister was the youngest of three brothers, all of whom were prominent members in the Church, which they served with great acceptability for many years. They all attained to the highest position in the Conference. The subject of our present notice was the last to leave the Church militant, when he had attained the eighty-sixth year of his age. The whole of his ministry, which comprised sixty-five years, including the period of his superannuation—twenty-four years, was spent in Manchester and London Districts. The writer knew him well and esteemed him highly.

Rev. W. Reid, D.D. This venerable Presbyterian minister died at Toronto in January. For more than half a century he was a faithful standard bearer, though he was only a pastor a few years in two charges. During the rest of his life he resided in Toronto and was the faithful agent of the various "schemes" of the General Assembly. His services were of immense value. Though a loyal Presbyterian Dr. Reid always displayed a catholic spirit. For several years he was one of the Secretaries of the Upper Canada Bible Society, and took an active part in conducting religious services at the various institutions of the city. Forty years ago, Dr. Reid performed the duty of secretary for this department of benevolent work.

Rev. Dr. Stowe, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has been called to his reward. He was Book Agent at Cincinnati for twelve years, during which period he and his colleague had the satisfaction of increasing the capital of the "Concern" from $474,178 to $1,130,337; and the annual sales from $668,781, to $982,595.

Rev. Robert N. Hill, of Toronto Conference, was called to his reward in heaven, November 28, 1895. At the

time of the union in 1873, he was connected with the Methodist New Connexion, with which branch of Methodism he was connected twenty years.

Bishop Haygood, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, exchanged mortality for life, on Sabbath, January 19th. He was a native of Georgia, and graduated from Emory College in that State, in 1859, and was immediately licensed to preach. For fifteen years he edited the Sunday-school publications, and was editor of *Wesleyan Advocate* four years. During eight years he was President of the college of which he was graduate. He was elected Bishop in 1890, though he was first elected in 1882, but declined the honour. Bishop Haygood served the Church in all departments with great efficiency. He was a true friend of the coloured people, and was the author of several books, one of the most popular of which was, "Our Brother in Black." Good man, the earth is poorer by his death, while heaven is richer!

We regret to learn of the death of Mrs. Andrews, wife of the Rev. Alfred Andrews, of Minnedosa, Manitoba. Mrs. Andrews was a daughter of the Rev. Ashton Fletcher, who was for many years an earnest Methodist minister. She was in a very practical sense a helpmeet to her husband, an ardent promoter of Sunday-school and temperance work, and everything else that was good. The numerous friends of Brother Andrews will feel for him the profoundest sympathy in this bereavement.

Rev. John Smiley, M.A., a superannuated minister of the Methodist Church, died at his residence, Toronto, on February 6th. Brother Smiley was born in Toronto, and received his early religious training in the Bloor Street Methodist Church. Mr. Smiley's ministerial labour was chiefly in northern and western Ontario. He was a well-known contributor in both prose and verse to many Canadian papers.

We regret to learn of the death of the Rev. John J. Leach, chairman of the Neepawa District, Manitoba. Brother Leach began his itinerant work in 1870. Much of his ministry was in the Montreal Conference, but for some time he has been labouring in the great Northwest. The esteem in which he was held by his brethren is indicated by his elevation to the chairmanship of his district. We have not yet learned the particulars of his decease. He was a man greatly loved, and in labours more abundant than many.

The death of Dr. Sandford Hunt, the Senior Agent of the Methodist Book Concern, New York, occurred with appalling suddenness. Dr. Hunt had just arrived at Cincinnatti to attend the annual meeting of the Book Committee. Just as he entered his hotel he was prostrated by a stroke of apoplexy and in a few moments passed away. Converted at fifteen, and early called to the ministry, he served the Church of God for half a century. For seventeen years he was Senior Agent of the Book Concern, the largest publishing house in America. As Treasurer of the Missionary Society he rendered invaluable service for that great institution in times of great commercial stringency.

By the death of Mr. John R. James, one of the oldest, most widely known, and best beloved laymen in Toronto, is removed from time. For more than a quarter of a century Brother James has been a faithful office-bearer of the Metropolitan church, and previously in the great St. James' St. church, Montreal. For sixteen years he was a faithful official of the Methodist Publishing House, in this city. He always recalled that Scripture, "An Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile." He endeared himself to all who knew him by his kindly Christian courtesy. In his serene and sunny old age he was able to discharge his duties in the Church and in business till he reached his eighty-fifth year. His son, the Rev. Charles James, is pastor of St. George's church, Montreal.

Another veteran in our ranks has passed away in the death of Mr. Peter LeSueur, of the Civil Service at Ottawa, in his eighty-second year. For more than half a century, we believe, Mr. LeSueur was a prominent figure in Canadian Methodism.

KIND hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood
—*Tennyson.*

BEAVERFOOT MOUNTAINS, NEAR LEANCOIL STATION, B.C.